vol. I no. 2

View from the Bubbum

HOW MUCH? 25¢

" "

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

GOOD OF USA

PLANET EARTH

OLDIES BUT GOODIES

Scratch out a life unshaved, unwashed, and unnoticed al fresco in the shadows of the New Haven Green...

Real bums are not redeemable. They are the true Bohemians and will fall to pieces the minute they are subjected to discipline. Furthermore, the only thing for which a bum ever stirs is red wine. Viva El Vino Rojo!

In America camping is considered a healthy sport for Boy Scouts but a crime for mature men who have made it their vocation. Poverty is considered a virtue among the monks of civilized nations. In America you spend a night in the calaboose if you're caught short without your vagrancy change (it's $1.00 in New Haven, last I heard).

One thing that most all bums have in common is pride. In a dingy corner located in the innercity, where they live huddled together with a flea-ridden dog, a bum and his girlfriend were insulted by the notion that they are redeemable. "It may be all right for the likes of you," said the woman, "but we don't like washing. When it gets real cold here, my man insults a policeman and he takes us to the police station for the night. But that's all right–they don't make you wash."

A famed New Haven bum is the white bearded "professer." The Professer, as his comrades call him, is a 63-year-old black former schoolteacher who took to drink and vagabondage after a marital breakup. Unlike many of his fellows, he varies the day's ragpicking and garbage stealing routine with occasional browsing at the city's bookstalls. He looked up from a book and philosophized sourly: "Put money in the pockets of a tramp and he becomes a tourist."

The "Mechanic" is now 55 and by 3 p. m. after only two hours of playing he's falling apart. The cigarettes taste lousy. They're hot, and he can't stop smoking them. His eyes are puffy and the cigarette smoke puts needles into them. His back aches and pain keeps running across his shoulder blades... Once he could sit at a table and play cards for 48 hours and feel nothing. Now though, he is resigned and retired to sitting out on the green and playing pinochle day after day with the other resigned and retired sharks and "Mechanics." There was a time when he was paid big money to travel halfway across the country just to sit in on a card game for a few hours. Even in those days he didn't win. He was brought in especially to feed another guy the cards. He just played along and got nowhere for himself and attracted no attention. Once he was even paid $18,000 just for "attracting no attention." Now he sits daily on the Green, playing pinochle with no money on the table, right across form the old Police Station, still attracting no attention.

And "Barry the Booster": he's a beautiful person. He walks around in a pair of suspender-held size 60 working trousers. These are the only remnants he has left from the days when he was the greatest department store thief in the history of the world. A booster is a man who boosts things off a counter or a rack in a store, working at least six hours a day touring department stores and taking things things. He travels the country, and most times he is part of an experienced team which can clean out a counter in a matter of a few seconds. And the greatest Booster of all time is "Barry," who now spends his time on the Green, talking to anything in sight–including manhole covers.

Barry was out on the streets stealing for an occupation at the age of 14. Stealing alone, stealing in a team, stealing small, stealing big, and–the most important characteristic of a Booster–stealing consistently. Soon Barry became the busiest and most imaginative Booster in the world.

"He was found with 25 bills of $20.00 denomination, each bearing the same serial number," a Secret Service agent testified in Federal Court.

"What do I know?" he screamed. "Somebody gimme the money. What do I know what it is? **I can't read!"**

LATE FLASH

Officials in the Pentagon recently denied that there is any truth to the rumors circulating in Chicago and other midwestern cities to the effect that three army supply trucks are missing in the North Dakota area. However, unofficially, high ranking army officers admit the possibility that the rumors may be accurate. One general who refused to allow his name to be used said, "Hell, we run a fifty billion dollar operation. A hundred trucks could be missing and we wouldn't know about it for a year."

Speculation continues that the three trucks have been hijacked by the newly formed North Dakota Liberation Front, a left oriented guerilla band that is reported to be operating in the badlands of North Dakota. Information about the NDLF is sketchy, but it is believed that the North Dakota Liberation Army, the military arm of the NDLF, is made up primarily of ex-GIs. We have reason to expect that the NDLF will issue a statement in the near future that will make its position much clearer. VFB will of course continue to cover this story with all the resourses available to it.

PEACE, WHEN?

NEW HAVEN GREEN, Aug. 6

160 marching with their placards like 1967 all over again except Nixon's hoax 25,000 not LBJ's the mushroom clouds the same though. 50 on the steps behind the pillars - they had corns. 100 line the opposite side of Church - they had curiosity. The 160 around and around enclosed by a row of pigs.

The Man hides his face and snaps the movement snapping the man snapping the movement. Buffalo flashes his badge. I am the law" he tells the cat with copies of VFB. Where's your permit?" The movement snaps Buffalo.

(And on the green 500 hear that in the army things are changing fast: GI's down on Vietnam, up on revolution, third world consciousness. And they go to Vietnam to dodge and duck MR. Charlie, not to fight.)

Another pig warns movement photogs "You'll be next if you print those pictures."

(Panthers everywhere. They bring the crowd together. National Field Marshall of the Panthers, D.C., raps about fascism. It isn't enough to be an armchair revolutionary you get out there and do some action because people are being screwed. And sooner or later they'll start screwing YOU. Cleaver sends a message: Unless the New Haven Panthers are released "there will be serious political consequences. And the Panthers don't woof.")

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

What Women's Liberation? Aren't we liberated now? We can vote and drink and smoke our own cigarettes and even ask a guy out now and then. We can work and study and get arrested and wear pants. Isn't that liberated?

If being liberated means being free to be screwed just like men are screwed, then it's a hollow victory. Is it liberated to be an uptight computer puncher in somebody else's company? Is it liberated to pull a lever at election time but have no voice in how your society is run? Is it liberated to be shunted into one "track" or another in school with no say in your own personal growth?

Women's Liberation recognizes that none of us are really liberated in this society. But in many respects women are worst off. To wit:

S E X Q U E E N

Like no other group in American culture, women are exploited for their sex. Subtley and not-so-subtley our sex is bought and sold. Whorehouses are obvious (Did you ever see any male whorehouses?). The more polite form of buying sex is now thoroughly institutionalized-- marriage. Marriage is a rigid contract in which the roles are fixed: the woman cleans the dirt and raises the kids, while the man works hard to feed the whole crowd, leaving him too busy or too tired to do much at home. The wife finds herself totally dependent on the man for her support-- he owns her, as he pays for everything. In turn, he is a slave to the demands of feeding and clothing a family. These roles are reinforced by advertising. Now is the time to get her that mink coat/new dishwasher/diamond pinkie ring/house in the country/, and she'll love you (and cook for you) forever.

It's really a seller's market tho, when it comes to sex. What with the Sexual Revolution and the demand that women prove how hip they are by flopping into bed at the drop of a pill, the smart money is on selling not merely sex (since sometimes it's free) but the Good Things of Life and sex too! Buy a Super Javelin Fire-Snorter and get this Life-Sized Boobie Girl at no extra cost! Sex (*women's* sex) is used to sell everything from shaving cream (!) to the annihilation of the Vietnamese people (Racquel Welsh did her bit for God and Country-- I guess Christmas time makes us all generous).

W A G E S L A V E

Unfortunately we're not all Racquel Welshes. We could expose all the flesh we've got and not make one-tenth the royalties she does on one square inch of her left titty. So we work at all those marvelous Equal Opportunity jobs society provides for us-- cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, typing, and any other shit work a man is too good to do. Sometimes we don't get paid for it (see Household Drudge, below) and when we do it for non-members of our families we are paid very little, very reluctantly. But they say we've come a long way baby. Quite the opposite: things are getting worse. The median income for full-time white women workers is about $1,000 less per year than for black males. Black women get the bottom of the heap, working full-time for a median annual wage of $2474. And 85% of the work we do is "service" work-- clerking, waiting on, cleaning up. The 15% of us classified as "professional" are nearly all non-college teachers, social workers and nurses.

The boss says we're only working for pin-money anyway, yet 60% of us work because we have to and 15% because we're the sole support of our families. That must explain why nearly half of the families classified as below the poverty line are headed by women.

It's bad enough for us that we can't get a decent job that pays anything or gives us any responsibility, but it's just as bad for the men. They often won't include us in their unions, so management uses us to scab and keep wages down and workers obedient. And since we earn so little, our men must work overtime or at extra jobs to support the family. In fact, it almost doesn't pay at all for a woman with little children to work. A private day care center or baby sitter quickly uses up any small salary she can bring home.

So what results from this unhealthy labor situation is that the woman is economically dependent on the man, begins to resent him (unfairly-- it's not all his fault) because she feels unproductive and useless, then uses her children as evidence of her "productivity," living her life through theirs and thus constantly pushing and pulling them to be the "success" she would like to be herself. Which brings us to

H O U S E H O L D D R U D G E

From the time we're old enough to waddle we've had the message pounded into us that little boys grow up to be firemen, doctors, etc. while little girls grow up to be mamas. We find out soon enough that there has to be a papa for every mama, but fatherhood isn't made out to be a full-time occupation or life-goal like motherhood is. To this end society is careful that we not get too great a taste of the things there are to do in this world besides mothering and sees to it that we are sheltered, clothed and fed by some man or other until widowhood. When we get married our father "gives" us to our husband and from then on we must make a proper nest.

Our training takes two directions: we are taught how to perform menial household tasks and forced to keep up these "skills" through constant practice (I had to iron my brother's shirts while he never learned to iron at all). Yet there is a risk that too much of this kind of work will make us unglamorous, so the rest of our time is channeled into learning how to make ourselves beautiful and getting only enough education to carry on a conversation with a man. You'll note, though, that as women get older and must do more and more housework they care less and less about how glamorous they are-- the glamor was only for the purposes of THE HUNT anyway. And since a woman is encouraged to define herself only in terms of her beauty (acne is bad for all teenagers but "tragic" for girls) she quite rightly feels that since she's no longer beautiful she's nothing.

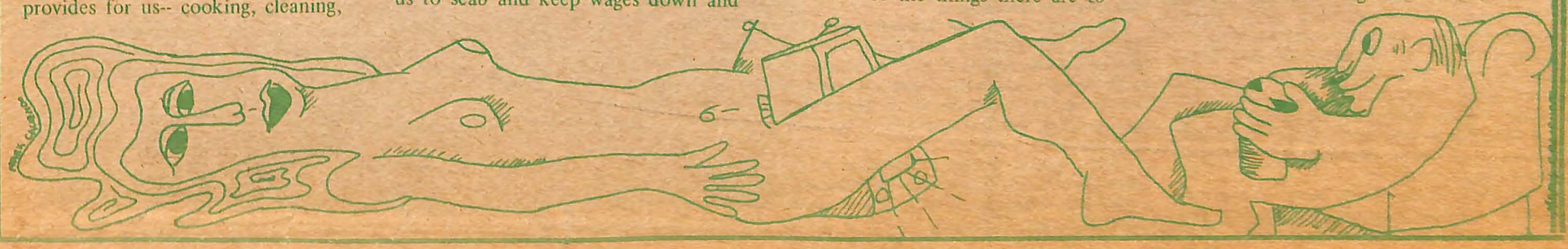
Furthermore, our education directs us to resist being educated-- smart women are "castrating females" and "will never get a man." Our only role model is a dumb beautiful Boobie Girl. Ever see the come-on that says "So *Easy Even a Pretty Girl Can Do It*"? *Ever hear the compliment* "pretty good for a girl"? *I've* heard men college teachers put down their (much brighter) female colleagues with the complaint that their hips were too big. And always the man complaining is a fat old bastard with spindley legs and a beer belly.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

A bunch of us in New Haven have organized ourselves into a group that meets regularly to discuss the ways women are oppressed and how to fight these oppressions. We've found out-- the hard way-- that ours is not purely a personal problem. There's something wrong with *society* when it exploits its people for their labor or their sex. Yet we do suffer forced to adopt, but we've found that only by fighting together to change these roles can we free ourselves from them. The cult of individualism we're all brought up to worship has made us powerless and weak, for it makes us think only of doing our own thing. Because of Women's Liberation we've gotten together to do *everybody's* thing because there can be no liberation for women until we are all free.

If you're interested in coming to meetings (women only) they're held every Sunday. Call the AIM office (787-0123) for exact time and place.

Virginia Fortino



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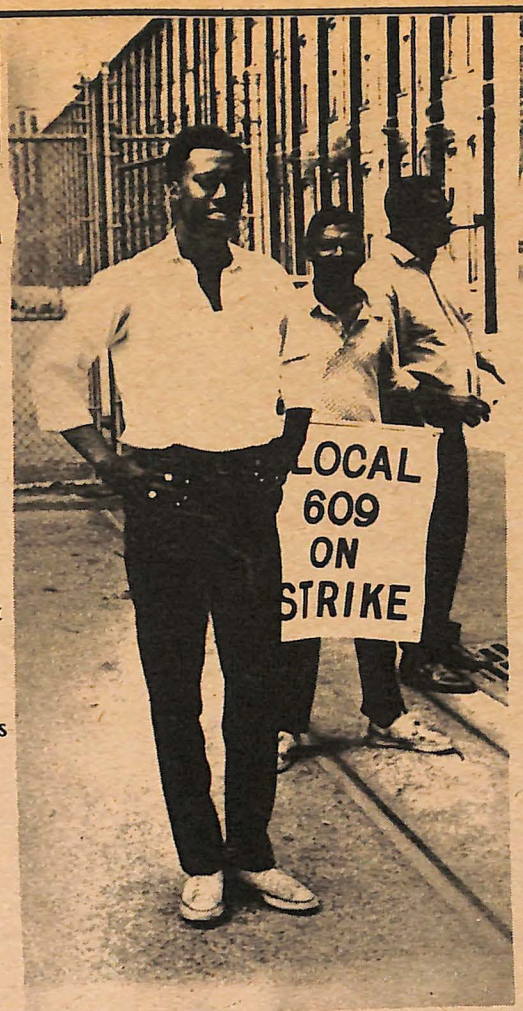


On July 16, 3,000 workers of Victory Lodge 609 of the International Association of Machinists (IAM) voted to reject a proposed Olin-Mathieson contract. The tally came to 3,000 against and one vote in favor of the contract.

The company's proposal contains wage increases and improved benefits totaling up to 87 cents an hour over a three year period. This offer would range, according to the level of skill in the various labor grades, from $20.80 for the lowest grade to $38.80 for the highest grade on the basis of a forty hour week. The *Register* was glad to point out that "this is almost double the package of 49 cents an hour which the work force (at Winchester) accepted in 1966, ending the threat of a strike at that time," This statement is misleading for two important reasons. First, although the figures sound impressive in dollars and cents, they do not even keep pace with the rising cost of living; and second, these figures do not take into account the loss in wages due to the proposed elimination of incentive.

With the cost of living rising at a rate of 5 - 7% per year, the company's contract offer contains wage increases of approximately 5%. This contract is to cover three years. Assuming that inflation keeps rising at about the same rate, the cost of living in three years will be up 15 - 20%. What this means for the workers at Olin, if they accept the company's "final" offer, is that they will suffer a loss in buying power of at least 10%. In other words, given the current economic situation, apparently Olin is content to allow a decline in the living standards of Winchester workers.

The main issue of the strike at the Winchester division of Olin-Mathieson is the "Red Circle" plan which Olin contends is "the fairest means the company could devise to phase out an outmoded, costly and inequitable wage incentive plan that had been in effect for ten years." There are 1,225 employees at Winchester who work on the incentive plan. That is, they are paid a certain amount over the base rate for each piece per hour of production which exceeds the company's timed average. The Red Circle plan calls for elimination of incentive and an increased base rate (depending on the labor grade) for 1,024 of the 1,255 workers now on incentive. The other 201 incentive workers (the highest earners) will be guaranteed the same hourly rate they received during the period June 1968 - June 1969. This elimination of incentive means that many workers will actually take a cut in pay. Local Union president Louis Romano estimates that one third of the Union's members would suffer a loss in wages of $500 per year over the three year period.

What all this means is that the company is interested only in increasing its own profits even if it means driving down the standards of living of its employees. Because of attempts to stop inflation, demand will be slowing down and the costly incentive plan may become a burden, therefore, the company wants to economize by eliminating incentive and raising the base pay. But the company is deliberately trying to confuse the issue, for as president Romano has emphasized, many of the employees will actually lose $500 - $1500 in take home pay for the duration of the contract.

In an attempt to confuse the workers and weaken the Union, the company advertised over two local broadcasting stations and printed an ad in the *New Haven Register* covering two full pages and costing well over $2000. In addition, letters were sent home to all employees revealing the details of Olin's position. The company's offer assured everyone wage increases "of some sort," but not in real wages which is the "sort" that counts. The company's willingness to bargain has been non-existent. It has held strictly to its ultimatum from the beginning, emphasizing that its one and only offer is "final." This is not collective bargaining.

In a press release on June 25, Romano accused the company of trying to break the Union. The Union has also announced that it will file suit against the company for unfair labor practice. Furthermore, the company has refused to issue a scheduled two weeks vacation pay to the striking workers. Olin also laid off 65 - 75 employees on July 10th with a warning that a cut-back in production might lead to even more layoffs. Production demand is slowing down and with full inventories, a long strike would not be harmful to the company. And a very long strike seems to be in the making.

After talking with picketing workers for several days before the second vote took place on August 1st, it was obvious that the rank and file simply did not know very much about what they were striking for. Most of them said that their shop stewards didn't take the time to come to them and explain the issues. "I really don't know what the issues are. I just go to the meetings and vote. Someone is in a better position to know than I am," said a 28 year veteran of Winchester.

As New Haven's largest industrial employer, Olin's actions affect the welfare of the entire community. The company's attack on the Union and its employees is of interest to us all. A strike prolonged by the company's uncompromising attitude will have serious economic consequences for the area.

Particualrly in order for a Union to have strength and unity, it must inform its rank and file membership and allow them direct involvement with policy and decision making. This would also insure that the leaders do not sell out the members for their own personal gain. It is simply not enough to explain to the workers the details of a new contract when the old one has expired. A strong union, with solid rank and file involvement, plus wide-spread community support is the way to force Olin-Mathieson to face up to end its exploitation of its workers and the community. Our welfare must not be sacrificed for Olin's profits!

by TOM COLE

CAPITAL COUNTERS CREEPS

Business's counterattack on the radical students' summer "work-in" moved into high gear yesterday with the announcement by the National Association of Manufacturers (NAM) of a nation-wide "moratorium on hiring." No NAM member will hire anyone under thirty . . . . . .

until means are found for discriminating between radicals and "garden variety American workers willing to put up with the inequities that make this country great."

At the New York press conference announcing the moratorium, an NAM spokesman confessed that "tried and true" methods of weeding out agitators have proven of no use this summer against the young. "The nihilistic party discipline of these anarcho-communist hippie freaks has forced them to look like, dress like, talk like, and act like normal good Americans." the spokesman said. "Their threat to the American way of life has never been greater than now, when they have decided to cut their hair and go to work."

Recent weeks have seen the hiring policy of whole industries thrown into complete confusion by the influx of trained competent radical students into the summer workforce. "First we refused to hire anybody with long hair," one personnel manager said. "Then we found out that the radicals had cut it off and that the boys with long hair were actually clean-cut Americans."

At plant gates in Ingleside, New Jersey., last week, agitators from the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) handed out copies of a 1965 yearbook from the local high school which, they said, contained the names and photographs of "at least 35 known communists and hundreds of their classmates, friends, and fellow travellers."

"We are checking the yearbook against our personnel files," the manager of the plant told newsmen. "If any of our workers can be shown to have attended Ingleside High School in 1965, they will be immediately discharged."

Coincident with the announcement on the NAM moratorium on hiring, the Departments announced a $1.3 million contract to the Stanford Research Institute to do basic research on a technology for "sniffing out the bearers of an alien philosophy."

"This nation needs a machine at the plant gate to tell if a worker is thinking," a Defense Department official told newsmen. "If he's thinking, he's a threat to national security."

Meanwhile a Dayton, Ohio firm call Agitator Detection, Inc., claimed in letter sent to the nation's top one hu dred corporations that it already h available a "sure-fire method for kee ing radical America out of work."

"We have complete, computerized fil on every known American dissident the company wrote, "30 million of the And all 160 million of their friends, re atives and fellow travellers."

" We can make it easy for you to sure of employees who are good, pu honest, capitalist tools." the letter to the corporations. "They will help y shut down your plant and retire." explained , pointing out that a successful strategy for weeding out "potential revolutionaries" will mean a severe labor shortage.

But apparently American workers won't let the influx of radical students shut their factories down. In Detroit, where automakers closed down their plants last week rather than hire young people or militant blacks, loyal workers showed up for work yesterday anyway.

"This is OUR factory." they told surprised company officials. "YOU go home." Spokesmen for the workers said they would continue to produce this year's models, until they could convert the plants to "making something useful".

Contacted putting in his morning's work at East-of-the-Sun/West-of-the-Moon's bicycle factory, that nation's Minister of Health, Education, and Welfare, Pundit Plato, told newsmen he thought the NAM moratorium would "probably bring great success."

"Nothing will convince the American worker that SDS has something to say," the Pundit explained, "quicker than the boss's getting upset about their saying it."

To save themselves, American businessmen will have to adopt an "if-you-can't-beat-them-join-them" strategy, Plato told reporters.

"If they get rid of their big houses and big cars, take off their business suits, learn to look like, dress like, talk like, and act like good Americans, and join the workers on the line, they have some chance of survival." the Minister said, affixing a bicycle seat while his grandson screwed it tight. "Otherwise, I wouldn't give them much chance--Americans don't cotton much to trouble-making minorities."

Reprinted from the Midpeninsula Observer

ATLANTIC ROCK

Heat, sweat: no heat, no sweat. Good planning produces good vibes every time, and shooting people with water hoses doesn't always have to be to keep law and order!

Picture it, folks: Friday night, in full view of the thousands of stoned concertgoers, somebody standing on top of a loudspeaker van starts dancing in his birthday suit, and the management even shone the big spotlight on him for a while before he voluntarily put on a pair of trousers handed to him some twenty minutes later, while the Chambers brothers (who, by the way, were their consistent crowd-galvanizing fantastic selves) dug what was going down. And if THAT doesn't surprise you, dig THIS: it was announced OVER THE P. A. "reliable sources inform me," the emcee said to the first astonished and soon then cheering crowd, "that there are three narcs here, and that they are on top of the roof of the grandstand with walkie-talkies, so do your thing, just stay cool about it." Or as Bob the Bear of the Canned Heat said: "Are you all HIGH?" "YEEAAAHHH" "Well, so are we, VERY," amidst general cheering and super-good feelings. Then, wonder of wonders, Roy Strada of the Mothers (whom many consider the bast bassist in the business) appears onstage along with Snooky the farout saxophonist from Joplin's band, and Harvey Mandell, and "Anybody wanna hear some BLUES?" "YYYYYEEEEEE AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

BOB "THE BEAR" HITE: "ARE YOU STONED?"

GRACE SLICK: one of the Airplane's pilots

and they laid it down so long and so hard that everybody forgot that Wilson, the Heat's lead guitarist, had quit three days earlier. It was a once-in-a-lifetime show—I'm only sorry that all of you weren't there, and that Eric Clapton, who was leaning over Strada's Amp digging the music, didn't join in.

And speaking of unexpected people, *Mama Cass* introduced the Buddy Miles Express to a terrific hand, and he, like the Chambers Brothers and Little Richard, like B. B. King and the Creedence Clearwater and others, gassed the crowd into standing cheers and millions of peace signs (which seemed almost omnipresent—late Saturday night a chain of happily dancing freaks surrounded a cop car maliciously, but when he flashed the sign everybody smiled and nobody got hassled). Buddy Miles, like the Canned Heat, just hung loose, and did a lot of jamming—he radiates, he hurts, and he generates enough tension to go on and on, telling people how to live and love out of the top of his heart.

Other groups are into a different thing altogether. The Mothers avoid doing a same, commercial show by their incredible musicianship, doing amazing riffs, following Zappa's finger signs (oh, yes, I got that one personally for trying to get a closeup of old Frank). Or the Airplane—the main reason I and others went to the festival in the first place: their stuff is so difficult to understand, to grok, to play... the crowd poured over the restraining fences to get close to them, to shake Gracie's hand (aside: "Gee, it's like being a star!") and make requests... the excitement is all there, and the Jefferson Airplane does among the most amazingly musical and meaning ful sounds on records— but it's tough for them to get a crowd to the same fever pitch as, say, Three Dog Night or Janis Joplin. They don't even try. People say they come off better in small audiences, but do you *have* to do simple stuff in order to get to a large crowd? That idea, like the top 40, nauseates me, but I'd sure be stuck for an answer if I were up there in front of 40,000 people. Once more, to the managers at Atlantic City: good work; if you treat us like people, we'll act like them (mostly). What would you do if 500,000 try to come next year? What will happen in "Woodstock" next weekend with 300,000 expected? (I use quotation marks because I happen to live in the real town of Woodstock some 50 miles away.) Meet you all there, and we'll see...

BUDDY MILES swamps the crowd

If you dig any of the pictures that have been printed in the paper, let me know in care of the office and $5.00 will get you a full-size mounted print. Or if you have pictures you'd like to print, of rock or anything around town, let us know and that can be worked out too, just bring a print and up to 2¼ x 2¼ inch negative and we'll rap about it.

Peter Moncure

THREE DOG NIGHT letting it out

SCAR STRANGLED STANDARD

O Why must it be
That the pawns always fight
And the crowds we have failed
In the twilight stand screaming?
Whose bomb strikes and fight scars
Through the scurrilous wars
Stain the countries we've fought
With our young men's blood
streaming?
And the rockets' red glare,
The bombastic hot air
Give proof through the blight
That our flag flies unfair.
God, please let that Star Strangled
banner just wave
O'er this land of the free,
O'er our home of the brave!

Ron Gagliardi

COLUMBUS

The scenario is almost routine by now: the swift arrest, the ludicrous charge, the incredibly high bail, the showcase trial (complete with reactionary judge). And so we have the Boston 5, the Oakland 7, the Presidio 27, the N.Y. Panther 21, the N.H. Panther 12, the Fort Hood 3, the Conspiracy 8, and now the Columbus 4. There is an article in this paper about the Panthers United Front against Fascism, and that seems pretty far away (after all, we all know about Oakland pigs...) But the entire SDS chapter of Columbus, Ohio and four people in particular: Liz Stanley, Barry Stern, Sammy Sammy Rosenthal, and Reb Flanagan, found out that repression is close at hand, as soon as a movement gets effective. What the Panthers are saying is that fascism is coming down hard in this country, now it's being used on blacks; and radicals better watch out--

When social forms of discipline break down (things like getting sneered at for long hair, or not getting a job because of political belief) then the only way left to society to keep the deviants (that's us) in line is outright repression by people who like the status quo (that's the ruling class and their tools, the cops).

Mostly, the arrests have something to do with a challenge to property. Repression is swift and immediate when private property gets messed up a little.

Columbus' eastside ghetto exploded last week, in 3 days of rioting that began when a white store owner murdered a black man. During the ghetto rebellion, 44 stores burned- and they were 99% racist white-owned stores- over 400 people were arrested, 1350 national guardsmen were called in and 3 people were allegedly shot by the police (private property got messed a little, too).

There were real differences in this rebellion, however. Columbus has long been simmering under steadily mounting repression in the black community. Last year a Black Panther Party was started amid nighttime gunfire attacks on its headquarters, 34 blacks at Ohio State University were arrested after taking over the Administration Building and charged with conspiracy, kidnaping, etc. (charges total 300 years in all). Several high schools were closed down due to black rebellions after administrators refused to allow ceremonies for Malcolm X.

When the riot started, it was marked by bands of black youth, increasing into groups of well disciplined fighting units. Black Vietnam veterans found sniper training good for something at last- they ran the inexperienced National Guard out of the ghetto the first night.

As curfews and cops strangled the black community, the fighting moved into the white sections of the city, and firebombing and heavy damage was reported in all parts of the city. The blacks broke out of their colony and began to destroy the actual material chains of their oppression.

Columbus' power structure, when faced with a full scale war of the people's liberation, seized on radical organizers in the city as scapegoats. SDS in Columbus is affiliated with the Midwest Action/Faction This summer, people have gathered into political collectives and taken jobs that have let them talk to a lot of people-- mostly working class high school and gang kids, about the things in this country that a lot of us are increasingly angry about. The aim of the program has been to develop cadre "16 year old communist guerillas"-- for the building of a city wide revolutionary youth movement. They've leafletted in the city, and are regularly arrested for minor charges, hassled and sometimes released. This kind of working/talking with people is going on in cities all over the country this summer.

However Columbus' mayor is particularly uptight about the city. He's called SDS "outside agitators peddling communist propaganda" and "known revolutionaries" and expressed a heartfelt personal desire to put them all out of commission under heavy charges of sedition and treason. The police chief agrees.

When the city burned, the SDS people were blamed as instigators. (We all know that people riot because communists tell them to, not because of racism, poverty or despair.) Three arson attempts were made on SDS houses, but Wednesday, SDS leafletted in working class class neighborhoods, (on foot, since, strangely enough, holes holes were drilled in all SDS cars that morning). That night-- the third day of rioting-- police broke into an SDS meeting with a search warrant for concealed weapons weapons. No weapons were found, but leaflets that the police gleefully claimed were "incendiary," enough evidence to arrest 3 people as "suspicious persons" (yes, folks, in Columbus you really can be arrested for looking suspicious. An Ohio first).

Later, one other person was picked up, and all 4 jailed under the charge "inciting to riot" (1-3 years). Bail was set at the amazing figure of a hundred thousand for the four of them. 5 more people are being frantically sought by police (Radios carry their names every hour, straight media carries scare stories about SDS agitators).

After 8 days in jail, during which time cops made more arrests, had weapons planted, threatened other SDS members and charged them with numerous offenses, a hearing was held. The judge, upon reading the notorious leaflet, declared how he "hated revolutionaries who wanted to destroy our country", and banged his gavel down on a grand jury arraignment 6 weeks from now. No bails were lowered, although charges were dropped against Flanagan, one of the Four.

The intent of the cops' reaction to the riot seems obvious. The movement people in the city were stopped from gathering support for the ghetto rebellion for over a week, they were held in what was effectively preventive detention, and are now

tied up in a court case that will long affect future plans for action. The technique is familiar, only the specifics change from city to city.

Fascism, Berkely style, is as we all know, a wholesale affair, complete with heliocopters and mass gassings. It seems as soon as power is effectively challenged by a park, a leaflet, a rebellion, the repression is immediate.

Right now, people are mostly channeled, by less obvious forms of repression. But 12 Panthers who still sit this stifling summer in New Haven jails, and the Columbus people, now raising money for their case, can tell you about how it might be all too soon.

"... If you want to know the taste of a pear you must change the pear by eating it yourself... If you want to know the theory and method of revolution, you must take part in revolution."

—Mao Tse-tung

Celeste McCullough, one of the collective of SDS people in Columbus, spoke about their reaction to the repression faced by the brothers and sisters there:

"Our response has been to say "roll the repression on" one of the most important things we have learned from the black liberation struggle-- and from this rebellion-- is that the only way to fight repression is to smash the system that creates it. And, in this particular situation, the pigs have shown their blatant racism by alleging that a bunch of white kids-- and not the fascist power structure of Columbus-- are responsible for the anger, frustration, and rebellion of the black community.

Working class kids that we've spoken to since have generally dug this; they're hip to the fact that black people don't need whites to show them how to fight. And they're scared, by the heavy repression against us and our insistance at staying around to continue the struggle. One guy said, "It's kind of scary, but for sure you're serious."

We're trying to get the bail lowered for the folks who are in jail, and we're gonna open a storefront soon. The pig press has given us a lot of publicity. And the black community-- with its militancy and commitment to struggle-- has given us still another kick in the ass. Back to work.

LONG LIVE THE VICTORY OF THE PEOPLE'S WAR!!!!

ARMY FLUNKS

AT THE INDUCTION CENTER

Well, there are all these lines and lines of people in the hallway of the armed forces inspection station, waiting to be processed, when these four cats burst through the door carrying me, me limp and dead as a doornail they chanting "War's good business. Invest your son!" They plop me on the table, me dead, and some of the onlookers begin to applaud. The show is on, but its not gonna be too funny, because I sense the stifling vibrations of the place already. But meanwhile I'm layin on the table dead and this flunkey comes up and asks me to leave. But I'm dead I say. Are you gonna give trouble and get yourself kicked out or are you gonna move? I respond with an intent stare, and folks, it looks like the ballgames over already. But then this guy changes his line he says look man I got 32 days left in here and I don't want to get fucked on. Yah, man, I groove 'n move cause now the cat is talking my language. So I'm waitin in line and this southern guy with an accent like Wallace asks me for my number. I tell him I got his number but my name is Paul Lawn and he can call me by my name the way polite people do in civil society. Are you gonna cooperate and get processed, or are we going to have to kick you out? Look man, I didn't ask to come here and I don't care what you do. Now you're going to go up there and do what you're asked, ORDERED, to do. I turn, head up the stairs with the parting shot that nobody's gonna order me to do anything.

So up the stairs with a soulful, bounding leap. With my effete red slippers, Carol's red underwear which shows through the gross hole in the ass of my favorite baggy blue trousers and THE SWEATSHIRT with the dove and Ft. Leavenworth on the front, and the message Hell no I won't go on the back my name that's CR Lawn ss no. 30-56-46-96. And beads around my neck, black white blue purple, hair behind my shoulders.

So follow the lines to inspection station 1 where right away everyone is told that if anyone disturbs them by holding up the processing they should just rat on him to the sergeant who will take care of it. I take in the threat (all they can do to make you do what they want is threaten you,), and proceed to tell people where they can go to get real draft counselling -- where its told like its at, not the stuff you get here.

Now its time to strip to my red panties and beads and I look like a fag or something but I'm enjoying it not letting myself be hassled by the twisting intersecting red blue yellow line or orders to go here there everywhere. Somebody tells me to get in line and I say I'll stay put cause the line goes nowhere anyway. So faggy-looking I come on with this peace line, a rap for each guy working for the system. Why are you working for the selective service system I ask the graying old man operating the scales. No response. So don't you feel badly about the guys you're sending to kill and be killed. That gets him. He looks up concerned and says yes but there's no other way people have always talked about ending wars and never succeeded so there's no point. But I say if everyone gives up there will be no way to stop wars. But if we don't give up maybe we can do something. I am too old for that the guy says and I turn away regretfully saying you're never too old.

The next guy is the x-ray guy a mean mother who orders me out of his room twice and makes me take off my beads which I put back on after I leave him. He shuts me up when I ask the question. Then comes the blood test man. When the needle is out he asks me to stiffen my elbow but I let go quickly as I turn away and blood flows from the cut. The guy sees it, gets really pissed off and asks me if I want to bleed for the next two hours in this really ugly tone. I ask him if that's what he wants me to do -- does he like the sight of blood? He explodes and pulls me out of line but some higher-up pulls me back in saying let him go he's having a good time.

My prick had already decided to resist and had failed twice to deliver a urine sample and now it was time for the hernia man where you line up an squat put your hands on your asscheeks and spread them apart. Then he explores your balls while you cough. The head medical doctor shakes his head like I'm loony because I haven't checked anything that would defer me medically. So they stamp me acceptable in my red panties and beads.

Eventually people are becoming hip and word spreads. Most cats ignore me but a few come up for counselling or to voice support or give me a v. I start to feel better and I go down to eat and then back up to wait another hour until I can piss. Then I wander around the place awhile until some sarge sees me and asks me what I'm doing and I say I'm looking to see what's in the building he asks shouldn't you go back to station one and take the mental test or something. So I go, starting off in the wrong direction as usual and being corrected by a sharp voicee full of hate and looking up like I don't give a shit and ambling back in my red slippers to the station, repetition of a spectacle performed maybe half a dozen times.

I have been eagerly awaiting the security questionnaire since this morning when I found on the subversive list two organizations named for Tom Paine, one for Sammy Adams, and one for Jefferson himself, I thought it would be a gas to tell people the very leaders of the revolution were subversive. Only a few cats were around when I tore up the form they gave me. I lucked out at that because as soon as I tell the guy I have some questions about the form he invited me into his office but some guy with a beard is in there doing a personal history questionaire because at one time he'd been in some of these organizations so he had to be inquisitioned a little more than those who played the game the way its sposed to be and like good little boys check all the boxes no just like on the big reproduction illustration of the form in front of them.

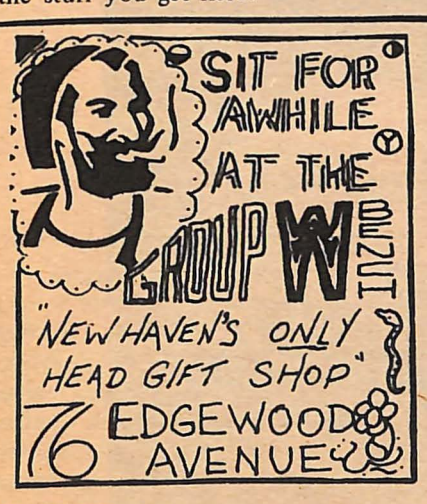
PHYSICAL

This lackey with the forms said he was opposed to the Vietnam War. So I asked him how come he was here in this place. We he believed he had a duty to his country but he was hip; why he'd once been in SDS. But he puts on a shiteating grin and admits that SDS wasn't then what it is now. I tell him my duty to my country is to do what I think is right and when my country does what I think is wrong to fight it not join it. He implies that I lack balls to fight for my country. I tell him what I am doing takes more balls than anyone in the place has got.

After I tore up the security questionnaire they gave me a personal history form asking if I'd relatives in foreign countries, whether members of my family or friends had belonged to these organizations, whether I was ever involved with a group that wanted to overthrow the government, so I told the guy this was even more offensive; no one in his right mind would sign it after refusing to sign the first one, and he asked in a resigned tone if I'd consent to be fingerprinted and I said no. So he said they would have to investigate me and while I waited I showed the second form to some people who were thinking of not signing the first one and two other cats refused to sign them which was a turnon. These two cats were then sent to eat and helped me to get a second free meal off the government by making I was one of them.

So here I was looking like a fag but talking straight sane rap, not acting like a fag, looking hippie but asking people how they felt about love and life and who have you loved lately you guys in local board 9. Revolution no. 9, no. 9999999999! And if I gave a few people the idea that they *didn't have to take that animal shit and could do their own thing even* in a fucking despicable place like an AFEES station, and if just a few people tuned in and a few employees went home and wondered then the thing was worthwhile. As for me, I am going to be 1-A and face an induction which I will refuse, but I feel more free than ever before and I haven't been this happy in a long, long time.

Paul "C.R." Lawn



AS AMERICAN AS A & P

Operating under a local option system, 15 of Nevada's 17 counties have legalized prostitution. (In one town where the citizens complained because the house was next to a school, they moved the school.)

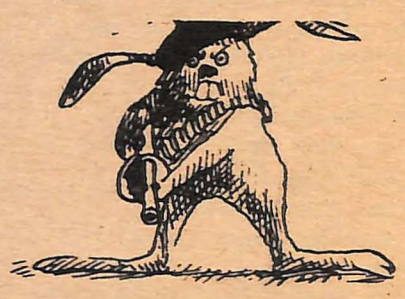
J. C. Muyres, top Internal Revenue Service man in the area, says the Federal tax men keep a close watch on the operation. "It's a real challenge for our agents," he said. "I don't know of any that accept credit cards—although that's not too far fetched. Some of the houses give green stamps."

—stolen from LNS

GANGSTER FOR WALL STREET

"I was a gangster for Wall Street; I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interest in 1914; I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenue in; I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Bros. in 1909-12; I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916; and I helped make Honduras "right" for American fruit companies in 1903."

Smedley Butler, Commanding General, U.S.M.C.



NEW SCHOOL OF SNIFFERS...

The principle of Apple Valley Senior High School in California says they cut down on smoking by students since teachers have been assigned to sniff their breaths for the tell-tale odor. They get a reprimand the first time teacher smells something wrong and a five-day suspension the next. They should switch to munching onions... (LNS)

JOHN HANCOCK

on the line

It can't happen here? Lies! It just did!! The John Hancock Insurance Company, usually thought of as one of a number of bastions of American finance, is faced with a strike. The outward manifestations of the strike are clear to all: the picket line on Chapel Street. Since space on this line is generally reserved for young people and anti-war actions, it is a rarity as well as a refreshing thought to see John Hancock represented.

The main issues behind the strike are, first of all, the expiration of the union's three-year contract on June 30. According to union local President Dante J. Bartolini, the three-year contract was an attempt to avoid a real pay increase on the part of the company because in three years the cost of living would rise high enough to offset the pay raise. Further issues concern a $40 per week base rate and fringe benefit. The union wants a hospitalization plan somewhat equivalent to a good John Hancock Insurance policy: 29 dollars per day, for a semi-private room. Absurd! cries John John Hancock. 17 dollars a day is what you deserve. The strikers say that 17 dollars is a joke when it comes to hospitalization expenses.

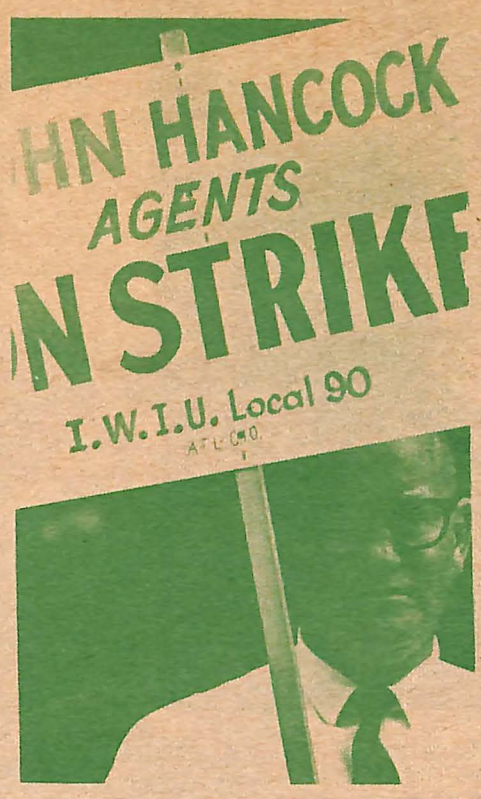
Besides the actual striking and picketting, the insurance workers are distributing leaflets to policy holders, urging them to withhold their premiums. This tactic is an effective one in the insurance business, because the money from premiums can keep the company solvent for a long time, even while there is no selling going on. The strike, however, has not been completely successful in keeping the office closed; they are being manned by secretaries that were given a raise (funny thing!) just before the strike began.

Hancock insurance men must be on call 24 hours a day, to a specific service route. Their pay rate is based on their last six weeks of service. John Hancock is the largest insurance company in the U.S. Both Boston and Chicago sport huge shiny office buildings. Until recently, there were few major "labor problems."

The owners of the company told the workers that they were "professionals." Everyone dressed in Madison Avenue-type clothes and drove shiny cars. If the workers were so impolite as to suggest that all these cars and clothes cost money, and that salaries somehow seemed to dwindle as a result of inflation, they were reminded that they could always compete harder among themselves to sell insurance.

This forced competition is typical not only for John Hancock but most, if not all American companies. The corporation, when faced with the problem of how to increase wages without losing any money, always increases production, not wages, whether the product is insurance, cosmetics, or rifles.

The reason for this is that corporations are not owned and run by ordinary people (who are



far more capable of running them than the present management) but by a handful of the elite ruling class. Their favorite tactic is divide and rule; the idea is to keep the workers from getting together so as to constitute an organized many against a privileged few. Money and social benefits are among the devices used to divide them and keep them separate.

The 7,000 John Hancock men in the U.S. do not by any means represent the segment of the population usually thought of as "troublemakers;" they are by no means revolutionaries. But they show that increasing numbers of people in this country are feeling that they have no control over their lives. Dante Bartolini says "the company doesn't know my name, doesn't care- it deals with me as 70540-04330." He talks about a new attitude among the salesmen: their leaflet reminds everybody that "the company is not a closed corporation controlled by a few big wigs-- even though it seems like one. the company is controlled by the policyholders, you and your neighbors."

Right now, that's only an interesting idea, but, as one example of what's possible when people *really* get fed up, the insurance agents of France's second largest insurance company put forth these demands during last year's strike:

(1) The company should be run by all those working for it.

(2) The present management should be relieved of their posts.

(3) The internal hierarchy is to be abolished. Every employee, no matter what his job, will receive the same pay.

(4) All property and stock of the company will become the property of all, managed by all, and safeguarded by all at all times.

Cleaver, it seems, has written this letter in response to the situation that Erica Huggins and other Panther women women are in – as they are jailed and harrassed by the police as frequently and intensely as are Panther men. But this letter could only have been written because of the growing national women's liberation movement which is making women and men aware of their oppressive roles in this society, and which demands recognition for what women are in fact now doing in the radical movement – that they are working and sometimes suffering as much as are men – NOT AS APPENDAGES OF MEN, BUT IN THEIR OWN RIGHT. Cleaver's letter attacks 'male chauvinism' – men's failure to recognize women as full, independent human beings within the Panther organization itself. The letter was prompted in part by the despicable show of male chauvinism at the recent SDS conference where women were told by a Panther speaker that their role in the movement was to be the stronghold of 'PUSSY POWER' – women to be nothing but breeding sexpots for the hardworking men in the Movement. Cleaver recognizes that this treatment of women must stop – and although he cannot describe anything about what women's oppression and women's liberation really means for women – he conveys the importance of a movement for women's liberation.

Cleaver to Ericka Huggins

I'd like to send a very special word to sister Erica Huggins, the wife of our slain, murdered Deputy Minister of Information, John Huggins, who was murdered along with our Deputy Minister of Defense, Brother Alprentice "Bunchy" Carter. He's Bunchy to me.

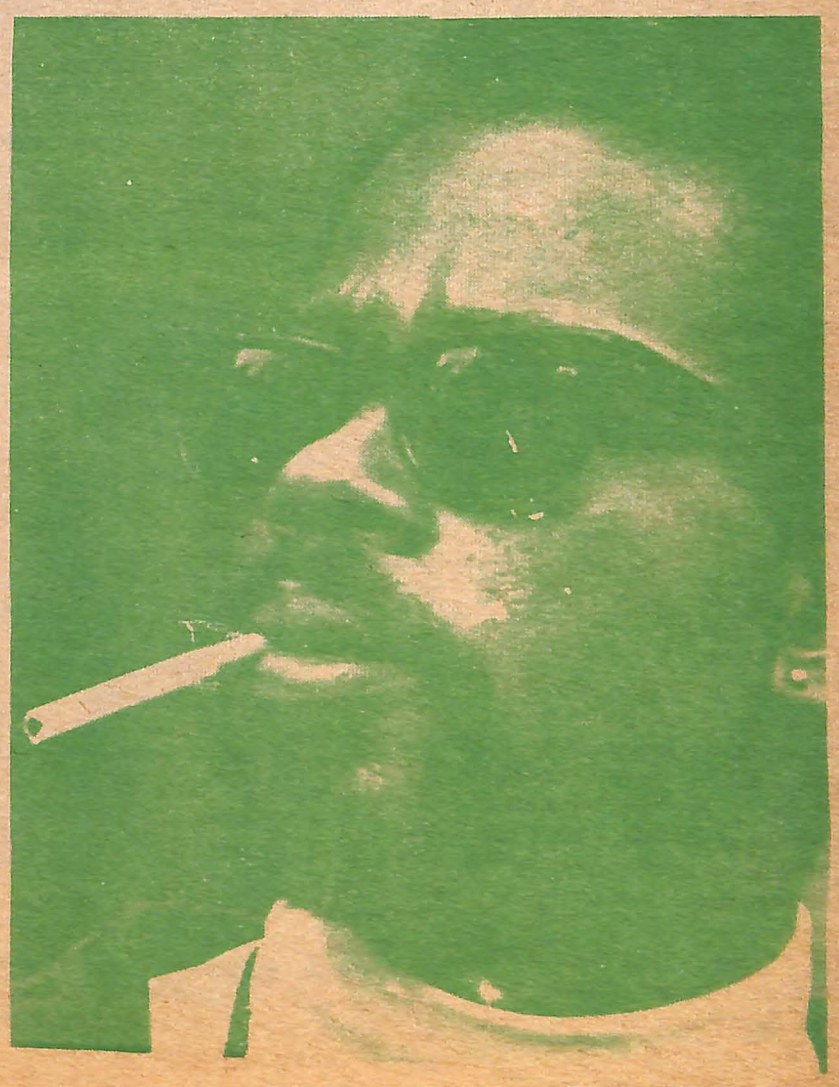
Sister Erica is now incarcerated in Connecticut. The pigs have plotted with this bald headed renegade, that boot-licking , black capitalist, cultural nationalist reactionary, Ron Karenga and his stooges, to take the lives of these two dearly beloved hard working brothers.

And now, the pigs have compounded this by taking this woman, this black woman, this sister, after inflicting this horrible pain upon her by murdering the father of her newborn child. Taking her away from her child and placing her behind bars on some trumped-up charges.

I know Erica, and I know that she's a very strong sister. But I know that she is now being subjected to a form of torture that is horrible. I know that she is strong and that she will endure and sister Erica, be strong sister.

We must not rest until this sister is liberated, and if she is not out at this moment, then she should be out just as rapidly as it is possible for us to get her out. And an example to all of us, let it be a lesson and an example to all of the sisters, particularly to all of the brothers, that we must understand that our women are suffering strongly and enthusiastically as we are participating in the struggle. And I'm aware that it has been a problem in all organizations in Babylon to structure our struggle in such a way that our sisters, our women, are liberated and made equal in our struggle, and in regard to sister Erica, I know that the Minister of Defense, Huey P. Newton, has spoken out many times that the male chauvinism that is rampant in Babylon in general, is also rampant in our own ranks.

The incarceration and the suffering of Sister Erica should be a stinging rebuke to all manifestations of male chauvinism within our ranks. That we must purge our ranks and our hearts, and our minds, and our understanding of any chauvinism, chauvinistic behavior, of disrespectful behavior toward women. That we must recognize too that a woman can be just as revolutionary as a man, and that she has equal stature along with men, and that we cannot prejudice her in any manner, that we cannot relegate her to an inferior position. That we have to recognize our women as our equals and that revolutionary standards of principles demand that we go to great lengths to see to it that disciplinary action is taken on all levels against those who manifest male chauvinism behavior.



RMER'S ALMANAC STOLEN FROM AIM NEWSLETTER FARMER'S ALM

NEW HAVEN

Now that New Haven Mayor Richard C. Lee has finally quit, many politicians who were afraid to run against him are crawling out of the woodwork and into the mayoralty campaign. Of the Democrats, only Hank Parker, former Black Coalition chairman, and State Senator and Alderman John DiRienzo had the nerve to announce their candidacies before Lee quit.

As this is written, Bart Guida, President of the Board of Aldermen, is most likely to get the Democratic nomination and become the next mayor. Guida apparently is being backed by both Lee and Democratic Town Chairman Arthur Barbieri.

Once, Guida was a member of the semi-independent bloc within the all-Democratic Board of Aldermen who opposed some of Mayor Lee's more outrageous projects, especially some of his redevelopment schemes.

That opposition group began to gather strength during the narrowly unsuccessful fight, led by AIM, against the State Street redevelopment monstrosity. However, by last fall when Lee's pet project, the Coliseum, came up, the aldermanic opposition had dwindled again. One important reason was Guida's strong move into the mayor's camp.

In return, Guida was named President of the Board of Aldermen after Lee got former President William O'Connell a patronage job as deputy city controller. It is also said that Guida was offered a huge price by the Redevelopment Agency for the Trailways bus terminal building at Grove and Church streets, which he owns.

Guida's campaign manager is former aldermanic majority leader Edward M. Reynolds. Reynolds, who has a lot of behind-the-scenes political muscle, this spring shepherded a proposal through the Zoning Board for a convalescent home at Howard Avenue and Putnam Street in the Hill.

The Hill Neighborhood Corporation and other Hill groups opposed the home as unsuitable for that part of the Hill, which is residential, and because it will destroy badly-needed housing. The Hill Health Board opposed, it, and the Yale-New Haven Medical Center refused to endorse it, on medical grounds.

This "home" is designed as a money-making scheme and nothing more: it's called an "extended care" facility, which turns out to mean a patient's care is limited to 100 days, which just happens to be the limit Medicare will pay for. In plain English: when you run out of money, out you go.

Reynolds got it approved, and the Neighborhood Corporation had to drop a lawsuit against it because the courts say just plain residents don't have legal standing to oppose such a zoning change.

BOYCOTT GRAPES

WEST HAVEN

Jimmie's is on the way out.

The voters of West Haven—the 29 per cent of them who came out to vote—decided July 15 against Jimmie's, Phyllis', and Turk's, the three remaining restaurants in the famous Savin Rock area of West Haven. 4931 people voted against a referendum to save the restaurants, and 2763 voted for it (see this column in **AIM Newsletter**, July 4, 1969, for background).

Richard F. Brennan, an insurance and real estate man who led the fight to save "Hot Dog Row," said a few days before the vote that "We are fighting the Democratic Party, the Republicans, and the church." In addition to the opposition of both major political parties, the restaurants were blasted from the pulpit of St. John Vianney, the area's Catholic church.

Although bumper stickers opposing the restaurants mentioned litter as a big problem, the campaign was clearly aimed at the young people who have made Savin Rock a gathering place for many years.

Thomas L. Lawson, Jr., a Democratic city councilman, said "My votes are against the assorted punks which have made the Rock Street area synonymous with disaster."

David J. Montano, a relatively young Republican councilman, said a few days after the defeat that he had opposed it because of "the pot-smokers and the glue-sniffers, and the trouble that's always been there." Montano also said, "We need redevelopment here in West Haven."

The Citizens Advisory Committee, a Redevelopment Agency front, said that citizens who voted "no" would be voting "an end to motorcycle gangs, the hooliganism, and the frequent disturbances which call for police attention."

The owners of the restaurants—all three of which are very profitable businesses—were alternately confused and outraged at the opposition. Stephen Iovanna, who owns Phyllis', ran a **New Haven Register** ad headlined "In 1961—They Asked us to Build! In 1969—They Ask us to Get Out! Is This FAIR??"

Iovanna's ad pointed out that he has supported civic, fraternal, and religious programs in the city, sponsored baseball, basketball, and bowling teams, given to the functions and building fund of St. John Vianney Church, and "given generously to both political parties over the years." He played the businessman's game by the rules, but they ditched him anyway.

The restaurants will probably be allowed to remain in the area if they eliminate "over-the-counter" sales (drive-in service) and have only sitdown eating. This will mean higher prices, and the end of Savin Rock as an important place for working people, and especially young people.

The day before the vote, a large group of young people picketed city hall and urged people to vote "yes" on the referendum.

These were the people to whom Savin Rock was most important. Most of them, in this democratic system of ours, are too young to vote.

hold your nose

"...running nose, tightness of chest, dimness of vision, pinpointing of eye pupils, difficulty in breathing, drooling, excessive sweating, nausea, vomiting, cramps, involuntary defecation and urination, twitching, jerking, staggering, headache, confusion, drowsiness, coma, convulsion, cessation of breathing, death..."

==The wonders of nerve gas, from an Army technical handbook.

NEW YORK (LNS) -- It's a poorly kept secret that the Pentagon likes nerve gas. Deadly nerve gas in canisters, artillery shells, bombs, missle warheads (and a variety of ingenious delivery devices designed especially for gas) has been matter-of-factly stockpiled at majot overseas United States military bases since the nineteen-fifties. But the leak was last week at Okinawa.

Okinawa is a pretty piece of Japanese which has been more or less fondled to death by the U.S. military since the end of World War II. The island is host to about 50 distinct American military units comprising 50,000 troops, so no one has any illusions about who runs the island.

Okinawa is a full-fledged part of the New Action Army. We've got B-52 bombers, medium-range missles aimed at China, and a handy stockpile of nuclear explosives. It's a beautiful backup for operations in Vietnam and it's a beautiful climate. What would Okinawa do without its own stockpile of nerve gas?

The story came out last week because last week was when the gas leaked. The "mishap " knocked about 25 soldiers out of their daily routine for a day, and while Washington officials quibbled over what not to admit, the story got out that Okinawa is the site of a large stockpile of VX nerve gas -- the deadliest and most tenacious gas in the inventory.

The Japanese people are outraged, and while their leaders are trying to negotiate a new sell-out treaty with the United States (Secretart of State Rogers is on his way over), a wave of anti-imperialist feeling is pushing Japan into a domestic crisis, perhaps the biggest leftward turn in years.

Meanwhile, back in the States, liberals are busy expressing shock over the bad image U.S. imperialism may be headed for if the Defense Department doesn't show more sensitivity to international and domestic public relations problems in choosing its weaponry and deployment. The Arm spends perhaps a billion dollars a year on chemical and bacteriological warfare (CBW) and sends the stuff to bases from Germany to Korea.

The Okinawa expose follows by one week discoveries that the Pentagon is still testing nerve gas in the open air at Dugway testing ground near Salt Lake City, at Edgewood Arsenal just outside Baltimore, and at Fort McClelland in Alabama. Local citizens near these bases have threatened mass protests and last week there was a large demonstration outside the gates of Edgewood.

If a few milligrams of VX nerve gas-- which the Army refuses to confirm or deny is the gas which spilled in last week's accident-- are inhaled, it can cause death within seconds; and a slightly larger dose on the skin can kill in minutes if artificial respiration and certain drugs are not administered immediately.

The best thing about VX is that like any good deodorant it keeps working for a long time. It is an oily substance that covers the ground, vegetation, and buildings where it has been released, and with a fovorable climate it can linger for months.

According to U.S. Representative Richard McCarthy (D-N.Y.), who has been active as a CBW foe on Capitol Hill, the Nazis were scared of their own supplies: "I note that during World War II Germany, which at that time had a monopoly on nerve gas, would not permit it to leave the direct control of the German military high command to avoid confusion about its policy. As far as I know, nerve gas was never deployed outside of German soil."

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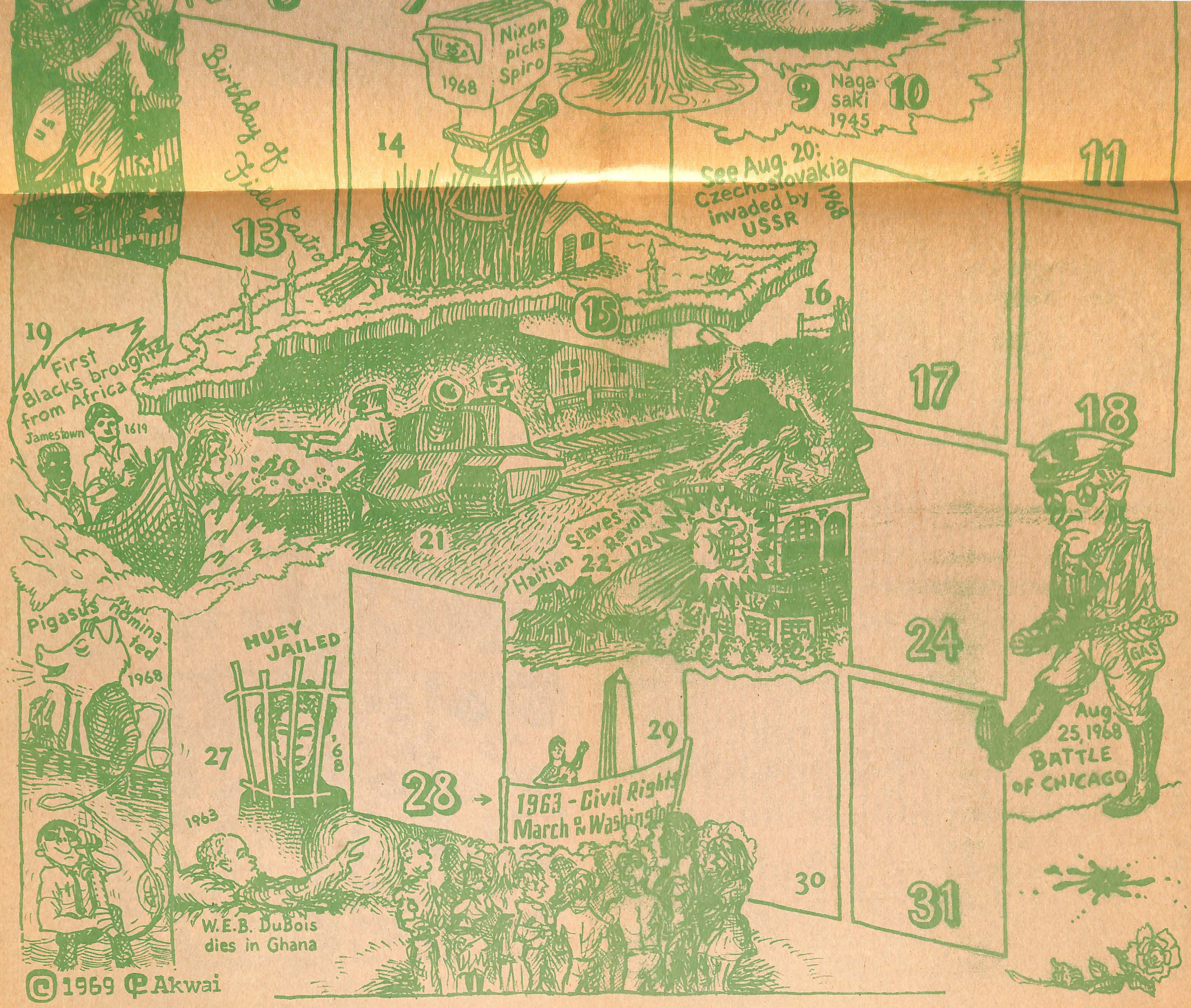
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medicus aquarius

Medicine for the Aquarian age. And so I hitch up my stethoscope and join Doctor HIPpocrates and other kindred spirit in creating a new medical specialty-- Street Medicine. In the coming issues I'll try to be your very own family doctor, and give you the straight shit about sex, drugs, VD, tonsillitis and the plague. Questions like: Does baldness cause masturbation? and Is aspirin moral? and other assorted hypes will be answered in these very pages. Bare your most sordid medical hangups to me by letter or postcard, care of VFB, 532 State Street.

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS... A medical acquaintance who is most assuredly not a head asked me last week whether sex was better when you're stoned on grass. I believe it was Lenny Bruce who once said that if you see a nark coming up your path, you're better off killing him than being arrested for possession, considering the penalties for each crime. Considering the penalties currently being proposed for holding and dealing by our thoughtful federal government (Did it ever occur to you that law'n order could be an advertisement for cow dung?), I thought that I might set some facts straight on marihuana.

The effects of marihuana (and other street drugs) on users can be divided into two categories, those that are invariant and occur in almost all users, and those which are variable. Effects that fall into the first group are generally physiological responses, and involve such things as pulse, blood pressure, performance at tasks, etc. The little good research that has been done on grass involves this type of response. The best study published thus far was done by my good friend Dr. Andy Weil and was reported in Science Magazine. Andy showed that marihuana increases heart rate moderately and causes reddening of the eyes, but does not change breathing rate or pupil size. He also showed that on several fairly simple tests of intelligence and coordination, regular grass users function well both stoned and straight, but that inexperienced users don't do as well when they're high. Commenting on their work, Andy and his co-workers said that "marihuana appears to be a relatively mild intoxicant in our studies." In another recent study it was reported that experienced heads drive as well stoned on two good joints as they do straight, but that their driving was definitely impaired after two drinks.

There are a number of other effects of grass which are probably invariant, such as the desire for food frequently experienced by regular users. A medical friend of mine recently discovered yet another possible effect. He received a phone call one day from a suburban housewife who told him that she had a mention it on the telephone. When she arrived at their agreed-upon rendezvous, this demure grass freak told my friend that she had discovered that she could peel onions while stoned without crying. My friend has since learned that this is a rather common experience with grass. Pegnataro's hasn't caught onto the idea yet.

One other invariant reaction is very important, because it seems to be the basis of all the variable effects. When the brain is working normally, it sorts out all the information coming into it from outside and inside the body (sights, sounds, smells, feelings) and automatically focuses on only those things which are immediately useful. You can read this paper without being distracted by the noise of cars outside, by the feeling of your shirt on your chest, or by the desire to screw your next door neighbor. Aldous Huxley described the brain as a filter which keeps out irrelevant material. When a person is stoned on grass (or any other psychedelic drug) the filter doesn't work as well. Lots of small details which weren't noticed before now become important (Like when you become fascinated by a flower petal and can't stop looking at it) and lots of feelings aren't held in check now.

The variable effects of grass-- the effects which determine whether it'll be a good trip or a bummer-- depend on what happens when the mind filter stops working. And this depends on where your head is at when you turn on. If you're tuned in to good vibrations when you smoke, if you're with good friends and you don't have anything to be paranoid about, it you don't feel the need to be very organized, you're more likely to have a good trip and to enjoy the heightened awareness that results from a mind-filter being turned off. Many of my medical friends tell me that all their experiences with marihuana have been bad ones. Since doctors are people who are accustomed to having a very efficient mind filter, to having a very organized and selective brain, it's not surprising that they feel uncomfortable when the filter is turned off by grass.

To return to my friend's original question about sex and grass, it seems that this is a variable effect. Sexual feelings-- like many other feelings-- can be intensified by grass. Whether sex on grass is good or bad depends on whether you need to have a lot of control over sex while it's happening, or whether you can enjoy the disorder of a switched-off filter and dig all the feelings and sensations coming in. ("Raspberry, strawberry, lemon, and lime, -- What do I care? -- Blueberry, apple, cherry, pumpkin and plum-- Call me for dinner honey, I'll be there...")

The writer is a psychiatrist living in New Haven. He has requested to remain anonymous for obvious reasons.

THE ZOO

Help wanted: people to work as staff members at the Exit Coffeehouse, corner of College and Elm. Duties include setting up and cleaning up, handling stage lighting and sound equipment, collecting money at the door, and work in the kitchen. Open almost every night, staff usually works one night per week, 7 p. m. to 1 a. m. Staff receive $1.00 worth of free food on own night, free admission other nights. Inquire in person. Assholes need not apply.

Wanted Spare Change. Send to Box 14, in care of VFB.

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Anyone interested in rapping about old rythm & blues records? Call 734-3165 between 6 P.M. and midnight. Ask for Don.

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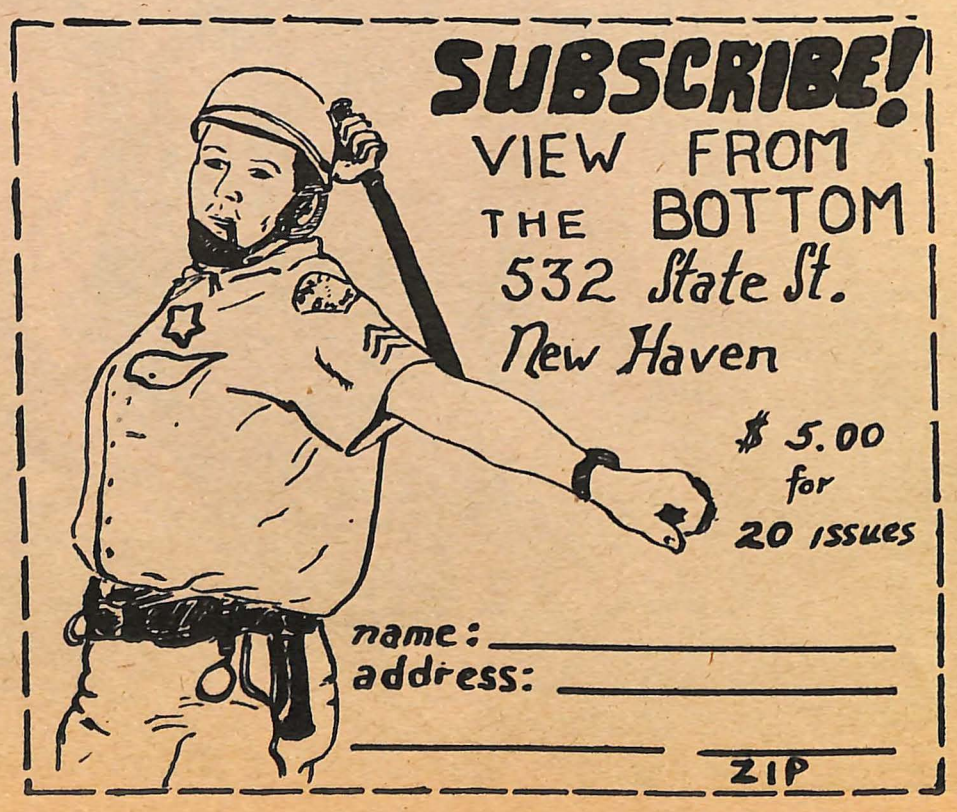


UNITE!

David Kricker

Oakland, Calif.

About 2,500 people attended the conference called by the Black Panthers for a United Front Against Fascism. The speakers included Panther party chairman Bobby Seale, Herbert Aptheker of the Communist Party, Noel Ignatin and Jeff Jones, both of SDS, Bob Avakian of the Bay Area Revolutionary Union, and Dr. Nathan Hare, Director of the Black Studies Department at San Francisco State.

The main theme of the conference, as expressed by Bobby Seale, was that fascism now exists in the U.S., and that a clear program and a united group of people is needed to combat it. He then presented a program which included the decentralization of the police and the power of the people to hire their own police. In speaking of fascism, Seale said that "Fascism will not come to the U.S. as it came to Italy and Germany. It has donned new clothes to try to trick you and deceive you. Some people might say that fascism has not really arrived here yet. Well, we say-- why the hell wait for it to happen?"

The next main speaker was Herbert Aptheker. He cited the impending presence of concentration camps as a justification for initiating a struggle against fascism. Increased profits, mergers, and greater monopolization of the economy all provided, according to Aptheker, a structural basis for American Fascism. During Aptheker's speech, vocal opposition began to emerge from the audience, which Panther monitors tried to quiet. The opposition came primarily from women who were anxious to have the women's panel, which was to discuss "Women vs. Fascism" begin as soon as possible. As Aptheker droned on, many women began to stand up in protest over the time that Aptheker was taking and thereby cutting into the time allotted for the women's panel. When he had finished, there were about 200 people standing.

Roberta Alexander gave the main address of the women's panel, which followed Aptheker's speech. She pointed out that "There is a struggle going on right now within the Black Panther Party on the women question. The commotion here tonight is significant. There is confusion in the party on the question of women. This confusion has been created by the society we live in and by the demagogery of the bourgeoisie. The most destructive aspect of male supremacy is that it has divided people who ought to be united. We must struggle together. The problem of male supremacy can't be overcome unless it is a two-way street. Men must struggle too." She received a standing ovation.

Marlene Dixon spoke after Roberta Alexander. "From the beginning," she said, " women have fought beside men, often for everyone else's freedom, never her own. We all know missionaries make untrustworthy revolutionaries.

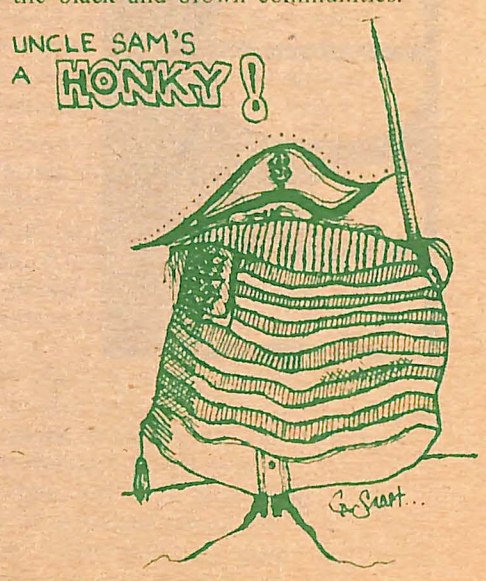
We are oppressed and over all of us stands the white man. The white man has taught his woman to be a bastion of racism and fascism. Now women are ready to struggle for their freedom, to move from missionary to revolutionary."

On Saturday women met in Bobby Hutton Memorial Park during dinner break to discuss the Friday night fiasco and problems of male supremacy within the movement. The result was a leaflet put out by the Berkeley Radical Student Union, which stated, among other things, that "it is clear male chauvinism to consider that a panel of women is so unimportant and inessential that it can be casually pushed to the back of the bus. It was clear to the participants that the panel was about to be cancelled because of lack of time, but for the demonstration on the floor."

On Saturday, panels were held to discuss the subjects "Workers vs. Fascism," and "Fascism and Education." On Saturday night Berkeley's city councilman, Ron Dellums, declared that he no longer wanted to continue as Berkeley's "nigger," and that he was seriously considering giving up electoral politics.

On Sunday evening, Bobby Seale delivered the main speech to the final session of the conference. Explaining the decentralization plan, he proceeded to put forth the details of a petition drive with the purpose of achieving community control of the police in black, brown, and white communities. The petition drive would be carried out by "National Committees to Combat Fascism," and their main activity would be to place police decentralization referendums on the ballots in a number of cities.

The petition statement was criticized by SDS leaders in their caucus July 21, for evading the issue of white supremacy: " The demand for community control for white communities... has the effect of deflecting the issue... from... self determination... to a kind of parity among communities which are not, because of white supremacy equal." The SDS NIC, however, does support the demand for community control of police in the black and brown communities.



POETRY

FUN CITY

Now struts
the episode of six months,
a bloated peacock
encased in a final
opaqueness of thought,
that which
darkens and muffles,
no longer breathing
for I am no longer there
not existing, I have died
right out of that life
was the funeral nice,
delicate and mellow
did you bring lillies?

The sea does not pause in consciousness
the day doesn't stop to
recognize itself;
the city is a clock
thoroughly wound,
whose sole purpose is
to ingest and continue
at the fastest rate possible;
those who wish to survive, leave
but all those who leave do
not
survive
for the air elsewhere is two-hundred proof
and they've been mixing their drinks
too long.

There was plainly no room,
me and the roaches crouched in a
sky-hung edifice
where there was no light.
So I have left no footprints
for the future's belching archeologists
nor will anyone else left in the city
since they are always wearing -
shoes
and hats
and umbrellas
taxicabs and
suntan oil nightgowns
rubbers
coffins -
no wonder Coney Island is a joke
of distortion -
starched necks, rippled bellies
and square-pegged asses
to fit in their nine-to-five
grooves.

I've left
maybe I ran - actually I flew –
it sure beats the subway
when you gotta get there fast.

Emily Davidson

death

and dying,
a question of relation

death,
a momentary passing
of night
becoming space
and
a forever of was,

a very braille silence
at best
read slowly by those
who care
and are so gifted
in such areas

very depressing actually
(if not boring
or worse)
quite unlike dying
a certainty
not questioned
tho not quite understood
either,
ignored somewhat
but never questioned

an infinity of mirrors
camouflaging loneliness
and each green voice
misplaced
somehow
like mine perhaps
or maybe yours

breathing in the dark hours
that stand,
however transparent,
too very real
and much too very near.

-- Ron Savage

c Ron Savage 1969

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Your mother should know

The Strawberry Statement, Notes of a College Revolutionary, by James Simon Kunen, Random House, $4.95

"Whether students vote 'yes' or 'no' on an issue is like telling me they like strawberries."

—Dean Deane
Columbia University

Here it is fellow young people. Another explanation of US. Just what we needed. But at least this one isn't by a George Plimpton type hippie from Timelifelook magazine. This one is by a real college revolutionary, Columbia model. Don't tell me he's counter-revolutionary. I don't give a shit.

But even though this book is about us and by one of us it sure wasn't written for us. It's for our parents. By now you may be wondering who all these wes and usses are. I don't know. But the book constantly talks in terms of we, so I guess he knows. At least he pretends to, which is the only way you can tell them about us and make any coin.

I must admit that I will not allow myself to like this book. I just have to be suspicious, if not contemptuous, of a self-appointed spokesman for young people who is accepted as such by both Random House and Channel 13. But I also must admit that as spokesmen go, Kunen isn't bad.

The book takes the form of a diary. Predictably much of it is concerned with the Columbia strike (of which we produced one, two three, many). Kunen was a building occupier and was arrested, but his account of the events sheds no new light on what happened. But I guess that is alright, since the events related are not the important part of the book.

What is important are the ideas that Kunen sets forth as being those of himself and often of "we". I'm only going to write about a few of the ideas I like, because bad ideas are a down. Censorship rears its ugly head.

What Kunen realizes is that the way we live our lives every day is a political thing. We should care about things because we like them, not because they are "good politics". He writes, "you can't stop the war by giving up baseball... Doing what you like, what you know is unimportant but what you damn well like is being free and happy just a little and it's very opposite of fighting wars." BRAVO! Fill in whatever you like for baseball, like music or motorcycles or people. But he reminds us that war and poverty and the society that causes, and maybe needs, them. There are just enough "up against the wall motherfuckers" spread throughout the book to remind the parents (for whom it was written) that these things piss us off and we mean to do something about them.

And catch this, revolution fans. Kunen goes through all this without using any rhetoric. Impossible you say. A book by a kid that doesn't dwell on the problems by relating them to the neo-capitalistic imperialistic racist fascist reformist deviationist etceterist system. Well its true.

This lack of rhetoric is not due to a lack of knowledge about it. Kunen has been exposed to it all. Columbia has a PL. But Kunen refuses to buy it. He prefers to marvel at people like L.B.J.: "Sometimes he goes to church twice in one day, which shows a real religious commitment, because genocide is hard work, and he can't have much free time." With all the talk about alternative institutions it's nice to find an alternative to rhetoric.

I almost forgot that I didn't really like the book. As must be obvious from the above I really dug some parts of it.. And it was often funny. But it just wasn't meant for us. It was meant for our parents, as I said before. Which may be a nice idea. Instead of trying to explain to them waht you and your friends are about, you can just give them the book and say if Random House published it it must be true. And they will dig it. Here is a nice kid, who in a friendly, humorous way lays all kinds of radical politics on them for only $4.95. And if they like it they know they will be cool. It's as in to dig student radicals now as it was to dig black people a couple of years ago. Soon they won't be able to have a cocktail party unless a couple of us show up. So give them the book, or better yet get them to pay for it. Then, if you get a chance sneak a look at it. But don't tell anyone you like it. That would be bourgeois.

by Richard Satz

REPLY to Mark Tushnet

It is unfortunate that Mark, in his article in August 7 VFB, counterposes spontaneity to the politics of the "orthodox" Communist parties. If these are really the only two alternatives, the left movement is doomed to a long stagnation. He says, for example, that "the left-wing alternative he [Cohn-Bendit] perceives in those rebellions is not in itself a prescription for a successful revolution, though coupled with the electoral process of the Communists whom he despises, the alternative may contribute to the seizure of power by conventional means."

The question is, of course, what are conventional means and why they are preferable to non-conventional means. Certainly the Russian and Chinese revolutions were not carried out by anything which could be called conventional means. If Mark is referring to victory through the ballot box, this idea is a myth. If it were really possible to do this, there would be no ballot box. A ruling class would not relinquish power except through armed struggle. It is pointless to eschew violence if it serves as the instrument through which to carry out a successful revolution.

More puzzling is Mark's statement that the role of the French Communist Party during the strike can be seen as a response to an attack "by DeGaulle and the Army against Stalinism and Russian Communism." Obviously neither Stalinism nor Russian Communism prevailed in France at that time, and if he is referring to the USSR, we can only wonder what he is talking about. He claims further that not only did the Party believe that they were close to electoral victory, but that it was reasonable for them to believe it. This absurd claim is surpassed by the statement that "the time to fight is after the revolution has been achieved, so that the attackers can be seen as counter-revolutionaries and not the forces of order." As if the decision to fight were purely a matter of propaganda value! If people wait until after a revolution to fight, there will be no fighting as well as no revolution.

David Kricker

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Your mother will go

I Am Curious (Yellow), directed by Vilgot Sjoman, distributed by Evergreen/Grove Press. Exclusive Connecticut showing at the Lincoln Theater. "Minors will not be admitted. Proof of age, when requested, will be required."

At some point I would like to talk about *I Am Curious (Yellow)* the film so I'd better start by getting *I Am Curious (Yellow)* the spectacle out of the way first. Most people in the audience the night I was there went out of a pornographic (prurient, whatever that means) interest, being the dirty old men of our society – men and women (largely couples) in their thirties and fourties. Their lack of interest in film as an art form was betrayed by a failure to react to the short subject film (*The Dove*), an amusing take-off on Bergman done in pidgin Swedish. Obviously there is a large segment of America for whom the sexual revolution is no more than the subject of erotic fantasy, since they lack the terms to understand it. Perhaps the age restriction on this film should be reversed.

In any case, the country that gave us Annette Funicello and Soupy Sales is now permitting mature audiences to view scenes of oral-genital contact, under severe protest about the film's pornography. Frankly, I fail to see the point. When I was a kid in junior high school, Annette (for the over-twenty-fives and *the under-eighteens in the audience, she was a plastic virgin marketed by* Walt Disney) had a song out about "Tall Paul with the king-size charms." When I was in high school Soupy told his TV audience of children, "I like to take my girl to the ball games. I kiss her between the strikes, and she kisses me between the balls." Now we're supposed to get hung up about this film because you get to see it all on the silver screen instead of in your head ("soft core" and "hard core" – an artificial distinction).

Enough about the spectacle. The following paragraph can be omitted by the over twenty-one reader who, like myself, has earned the right to pay two and a half dollars for this glimpse of sin.

For you unfortunate others, the story runs like this. This working-class college chick (Lena) is to do the film as an investigation of Swedish society in New Left perspective. The director, who plays himself, is her sometime lover. In the course of filming she begins an affair with another man, which is also on the screen. Sjoman (the director) grudgingly accepts the situation. The real conflict in the film is not a dramatic one but arises in the psychological state of Lena vis-a-vis her father.

Most reviewers seem to have missed the point that the film is largely a political commentary, and that all the other subjects, especially sex, are related to it. Acted out in the person of contemporary youth, we see a study of the relation between the transformation of society (not to say revolution) and the human mind.

In this connection, a lot has been said and printed lately in America about student "rebels" actually being neurotic kids who take out their unresolved bitterness against their parents on a society undeserving of such mistreatment. No doubt the same commentators will read the same intention in Sjoman's work. His characterization of Lena has her go so far as to associate her father with Franco because as a young man he spent less time than he could have fighting against Franco.

I found Sjoman's intention to be much more fair to the student, however, as he repeatedly demonstrates the hypocrisy of the society itself. The King of Sweden is seen telling Lena that in political life you can separate the role and the action from the man. Lena's father introduces her to her lover-to-be as a favor in return for a loan the man has given him, so that he (the father) can make good on a debt to Lena. I interpret this not merely as prostitution or pandering but as exploitation, and I find no coincidence between the father's occupation making gold picture frames and the fact that this is the Yellow (in Swedish, *Gilt*) edition of the movie I am Curious.

If, as Marx said, politics are based on the material conditions of people's lives, there is presumably a psychological link between the material conditions and the politics. Sjoman's subject is just that link and his attempt is to show both the preconditions and the psychology, rather than to condemn the emotional element. Lena at first seems politically (and sexually) superficial, if not insecure. Fantasy scenes with Yevtushenko, Martin Luther King, and her father's image in a portrait of Franco develop, if somewhat unclearly, the primacy of psychology. But while the film succeeds in announcing this psychology, it falls short of describing it.

I think that for most people the film moves slowly if at all. I would recommend it (if at all) only to those well-versed in leftist politics and culture. The interpretations I have made relate more to intention than to delivery. I can't help but mention that I found the same subjects elucidated both more clearly and more subtly in *La Chinoise* by Jean Luc Godard. *I Am Curious (Yellow)* certainly helped me understand that other film, however, if only because Sjoman copied some of Godard's techniques.

Andrew Popper

ERICKA HUGGINS

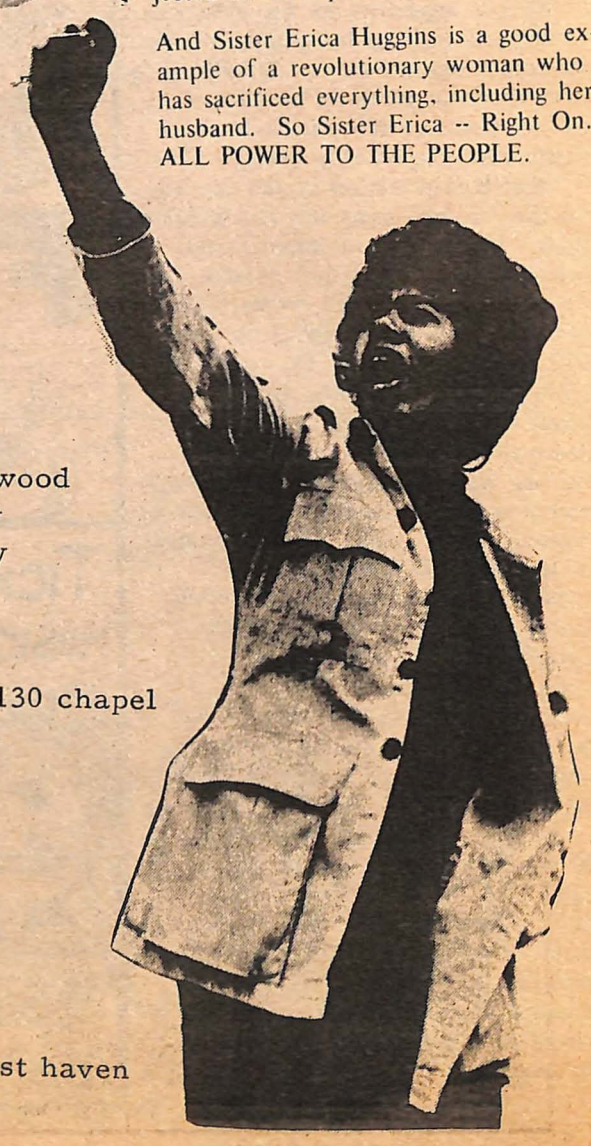
Because the liberation of women is one of the most important issues facing the world today. Great efforts have been made in various parts of the world to do something about this, but I know from my own experience that the smouldering and the burning of the flame descending for liberation of women in Babylon is the issue that is going to explode, and if we're not careful it's going to destroy our ranks, destroy our organization, because women want to be liberated just as all oppressed people want to be liberated.

So if we want to go around and call ourselves a vanguard organization, then we've got to be the vanguard in all our behavior, the vanguard in the area of women's liberation, and set an example in that area, and all of us to start being respectful and not condescending and patronizing, but to really understand and look upon this question, recognize, that women are our other half, they're not our weaker half, they're not our stronger half, but they are our other half, and that we sell ourselves we sell our children out, and we sell our women out when we treat them in any other manner.

We have to be very careful about that. and Sister Erica Huggins is a shining example of a revolutionary woman who's been meted out the same kind of injustice from the pig power structure that a revolutionary man receives. So they didn't put her in a powder puff cell. They did not make life easy for her. But the pigs recognized a revolutionary woman to be just as much a threat as a revolutionary man.

And so we recognize that we also have a duty to stop inflicting injustices of misuse on women. We have to be careful about that, and we all know the problem. But I'm saying that its mandatory, the Minister of Defense, Huey P. Newton has said that it is mandatory, that all manifestations of male chauvinism be excluded from our ranks, and that sisters have a duty and the right to do whatever they want to do in order to see to it that they are not relegated to an inferior position and treated as though they are not equal members of the Party and equal in all regards. And that they're not subjected to male practices.

And Sister Erica Huggins is a good example of a revolutionary woman who has sacrificed everything, including her husband. So Sister Erica -- Right On. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE.



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SWEENYRATSFREE

Reviews are strange things. I've always avoided writing them since it seems a counter-creative activity. It makes me think of the comment a friend who was working as a grave-digger made: "I don't mind digging the graves. Man, I don't even mind filling them up. But I just can't feel good about stamping on them."

New Haven now has a free theatre. It lives at 217 Park Street and you can find its program on posters all over town. To have a free theatre is such a really fine thing that I was all set to write about just that in this column, in case I wasn't really turned on by the plays. But the plays are good-- very good in many ways. And I needn't slice at, stamp on, or ignore them.

The Free Theatre has obviously done a lot of intense work together. Outstanding throughout the evenings was the disciplined tension and the fluid use of the actor's bodies, the way they use sound to create the effects they want, and the easy way in which they communicate with each other. Those may sound like pedantic virtues, but they're among the best things to say about an ensemble acting company. They're together, and what comes out is good.

An Evening With Sweeney, the Free Theatre's first offering was billed as a musical adaptation of T.S. Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes." For a while, in preparation to seeing it, I searched rather half-heartedly for a copy of the piece. I didn't find it, and I've never read it, so my opinions concern the play as it was performed.

The overture begins and you sit there, getting into the almost Kurt Weil-like melody, played by Bill Westney, and wondering whether the clustered backdrop of circles on rectangles that is Anton Vizy's set is truly going to burst into motion the way they seem to be promising to. The actors enter with snaking, follow-the-leader, ritual-dance motions. They circle, chant, disperse, play....

. The play is poetry and people; the people speaking poetry; the poetry of people. As always with both (and with Eliot) there is the problem of life and death-- or more specifically, of death in life. We are shown by the poet's words and through the sometimes too true counterpoint of the actor's movements- which follow not the cliches he speaks, but the sub-conscious meanings of the words,-- that we are caught in ugly, senselessly moving life patterns that have taken on the appearance of the real. When we are confronted with what is basic and true, it seems too little-- or perhaps we say it's too little because it's too starkly grand.

On stage is a party of sorts: two women, five men, of various types. They circle, prattle, and lewdly play with each other-- only Sweeney, played with great presence and a magnificent voice by Douglas Ever-Hart, confronts them. He is above their superstition, but he is unable to convince them, just as he is unable to truly seduce Doris who, in the person of Marilyn Carter, appears not as an image of silly humanity, but very much like what I would expect is one of man's fonder images of woman. He's not a superman or a visionary or a prophet, but seems different only because he pierces vaguely through the layering of lives. It's hard to say whether he can force any one else to look into that pit-- all the way to where you get born, you fuck, and you die.

The *Evening* was almost a dance almost a symphony; certainly a poem and most theatricallv a play. The director was Eva Vizy, and the other cast members whose names I'm going to list, because I want to name them and couldn't figure out a natural way to do it before, are: Diney Weinerman, Henry Winkler, Devon Flanagan, Jonathan Marchant and actor-dramaturg, Chris Ostergren.

Rats, by Israel Horovitz, was presented this past week-end. Part of my experience with this playwright is that he gets some type of gimmick idea and then makes it into a play. In *Rats*, his idea is to have the entire action take place in a baby's crib in a Harlem tenement; all the dialogue between the two rats who fight for supremacy there, in and around the baby. But in this short play and the Free Theatre's production, the idea works. At nearly the same time that you realize that these men on stage are rats, you also seem to know that they are a lot of other things. Maybe evil and good (or however you want to name the supposedly opposite parts of human nature); maybe black and white; maybe old and young; maybe pious and godless; maybe system and revolution. Take your pick. There's no easy answer and there's no one easy solution for our stereotyped opinions because age and white says "Enough babies are hurt" -- and which one is really the system?

Again, the actors have very fine control of their bodies and voices-- all their equipment. Their actions and postures strike you as more and more rat-like as your awareness grows. William Gearhart is not the same type of rat as Peter Covette, but why have we always assumed that rats are like each other? Kieth Burn's baby, on the other hand, moves and cries like every baby has and ever will: the pure form of infant. Director for this production was Andrew Friedlander.

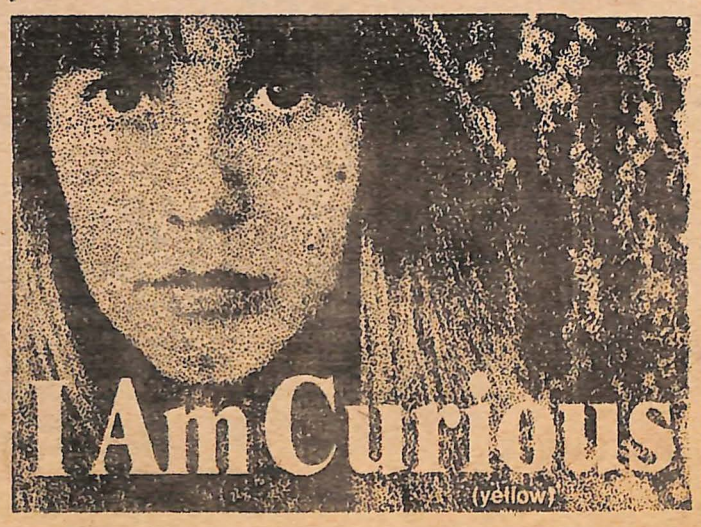
The next offering of the Free Theatre is Aug. 14-17: Ionesco's *Victims of Duty*. Go! This theatre is relevant, involving and especially well-done. And-- by the way--free.

Helen Epps

"We'll soon know if we feel like 'taking on a cage full of tigers!'—at the door, yesterday, I bought a seasoning from the funniest little man!"

THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT
in concert
at
the exit
corner of college & elm
new haven
Sunday, August 10, 8:30 — $2

LINCOLN University 5-3015
Open 6:30 ★ Air Conditioned ★ Free Parking
TONIGHT AT 7:15 & 9:35
EXTRA! "THE DOVE"—SHOWN AT 7:00 & 9:20
ABOUT TICKETS & PRICES!
★ The time schedule is the same every day except Sundays, when shows are continuous from 1 p.m. Please note that Sunday matinees are uncrowded (at 1 and 3:45).
★ Prices are $2.50 Monday thru Thursday and $3.00 Friday, Saturday and Sunday.
★ Tickets may be purchased daily for the day's shows after the box office opens. (This means that tickets for 9:20 can be bought after 6:30, nightly.) We sell only to the extent of our capacity, and therefore every ticket holder is assured a seat. There are often lines at show time, and seating is from the line. However, every ticket holder is seated.
★ We regret that we cannot sell other than for the one day only, that we cannot handle telephone reservations, and that we do not offer reserved seats.
★ All tickets are sold in sequence at the box office. The management does not retain any for its own personal use.



MINORS WILL NOT BE ADMITTED
Where Requested, Positive Proof of Age Will Be Required

This is the blazing black and white truth!
CROWN
Stephen Boyd · Dionne Warwick · Ossie Davis
SLAVES
NOTE: under 16 and over 30 this may not be for you!
Soon—The Skinny One, The Fat One, and the Great One!

bullshit

REVISITED

Many of our readers have noted our failure to expand discussion of the moon trip beyond last cover's message of "bullshit." We acknowledge our error, but confess our weariness with the whole thing. This writer, for example, turned out the lights to watch a simulated landing on the moon. People seemed to have lost the sense that the one real affirmation of the evening was to rejoice in our own earthly motion, and join hands together in that act. The contradiction between the thrill of what could have been a positive contribution to human understanding and existence, and the real reasons for the moon flight, left us all with a bitterness that could be expressed by only one word.

We do not need a transfer of dollars from the space program to other programs. We need a transfer of its spirit -- an infusion of American dedication to purpose and hard work.

...We can, as the song goes, dream the impossible dream and reach the unreachable star. ...The danger lies not in daring to dream or to reach it -- but in dreaming timid dreams and making feeble grasps.

--- Vice President Spiro T. Agnew
Governor's Conference
Seattle, Washington July 28

Moon spirit, the spirit of the "new frontier," doesn't seem to be getting us very far. Those of us who know something about American history realize that our frontier history of manifest destiny has led us to genocidal wars against Indians, Mexicans, Blacks (our slaves), and a foreign policy which proclaims U.S. domination of the world. The current war in Vietnam has so far destroyed over 1 million yellow people and hundreds of thousands of Americans.

The glow of purpose in Mr. Agnew's eyes should be seen in only one way. The moon stunt, to the tune of 24 billion dollars, has little to do with scientific achievement or the search for knowledge. Those first paternalistic words from the moon -- "A giant leap for mankind" -- and moon-naut Aldrin's Hawaii proclamation -- "Mankind is closer now than it has ever been. Americans can now stand taller than they ever have before" -- make it clear that in the technological age America presumes to shoulder the white man's burden for all mankind, and to carry off as much plunder as possible. Already Nixon has offered a piece of the moon to Suharto of Indonesia. (This in addition to peace for the world.

It is clear to us that at a time of great crisis for America's rulers, national liberation movements and foreign competition threaten U.S. markets, while cities, air, water and lives deteriorate at home -- the moon stunt was designed to serve several ends, none of which in any ways serves the needs of the people:

1. The moon exploration provides a spectacle similar to the Roman Coliseum or a Broadway musical, diverting people from their oppression, and substituting starry fantasy for consciousness of reality.
2. It allows the U.S. to proclaim superiority over the Russians because we got there first. Which is a pretty important thing for a nation whose system depends for its life upon ruthless competition between men.
3. It pours more money into the space program. Again very important. America's economy is a military one, and can be sustained *only* by a Cold War Policy of fear which feeds our military-dependent corporations. Nost American corporations, especially in the current state of monopoly capitalism and its conglomerate mergers, make most profits from government defense work and financial ventures in foreign countries. Since none of that makes for human freedom or spiritual satisfaction, the media must constantly bombard us with false reasons for continuing to live as we do. Hence the merger between politics and Hollywood, the spectacle on the moon, and the gleam in Agnew's eyes. The moon spells profit and continued power for those on the top of the world.

this week's staff

pc akwai ira bartfeld
neal beck kathy bradley
mark caliendo tom cole
bill crawford richard denigris
carl dimow charles draper
hugo dwyer helen epps
virginia fortino andy gray
robin hicks darius james
mitch kapor dave kricker
cr lawn robyn lewis dick mann glen mcfadden
peter moncure bill morico guy nassberg andrew popper
al riccio richard satz ron savage greg smart
don steed mark tushnet tomto laurie zoloth meryl

view FROM THE bottom
532 STATE ST.
865-2486

HEY FOLKS!!! We're having a good time down here doing the paper together, and *you can too*, and even make some money too (if you like walking around and talking to people, you make $.10 a copy). Or if you dig writing, or organizing, photography, drawing, lettering, poetry or anything else you can think of, COME ON DOWN to 532 State Street between 2:00 and 8:00 p. m. and rap with us about it. If you live outside of New Haven, CALL US UP and we'll organize distribution of our incredible rag to all of your friends and neighbors for fun and profit (hee, hee). AND THIS MEANS YYYOOOOUUUU!!!!

Dear sirs:

A brief response to "Mellon Slices" (vol. I, no. 2) seems necessary. I don't want to get into the put-down of the Free School, though I thought you should have said more about that. And I don't want to defend Yale's take-over of land for the Mellon Gallery. The best solution I can offer is for Mellon to vacate his house, donate it to the public as a museum for his collection, and go live in Appalachia with the men he exploits.

But the point of that proposal is that a museum, somewhere, maybe not on Chapel St., but somewhere, with Mellon's collection of 19th century British art ought to exist.

Of course, no museum, not even a museum of urban culture and technology which showed how people became things in American cities, will solve New Haven's problems. But the Mellon Collection can show how a ruling class at one point in time perceived the society it dominated. And that can help us understand how class and culture, economic and cultural dominance, are related today.

Mark Tushnet

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations! I thoroughly enjoyed your first issue. (Perhaps this means you're doing something wrong.) In particular I was pleased to find John Wilhelm's piece on urban taxation, which is a key area usually ignored by the radical press. I would add one footnote, however, namely that while Wilhelm correctly points out that apartment dwellers -- probably the bulk of your readers -- get "hit" by property taxes though they rarely realize it, that is only part of the story. What is usually not known is that apartment dwellers are actually paying more of their housing dollar in property taxes than are homeowners. Yet they have never been radicalized or rarely even mobilized on this issue.

Keep up the good work,

Peter A. Lupsha

Network of Patriotic
Letter Writers
Box 2003D
Pasedena, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

In reference to an article recently published in our local underground newspaper entitled "Anti-christ Plot Exposed."

Your article was rash and damaging to the movement, perhaps that is your intention. I don't know where you collect your information, but it is not accurate. The peace symbol in question is a Navy flagmens depiction of two letters N= and D= which stand for nuclear disarmnament. The two positions have been combined, encircled and adopted as the symbol for World peace, not a Communistic, subversive Anti-Christ broken cross plot to sway the feeble and gullible youth of America as your article states.

Symbols can mean many things to many people, for example the Nazi swatsticka that we all hate and despise was once the symbol of the Greek Olympics; an entirely different bag.

Nevertheless, the peace symbol dispite its origin, has become a symbol of the movement, a general sign with lots of GOOD meanings. most significantly it is called by the average American a Peace Sign.

If I might make a suggestion for your next expose: have it from a semi-reliable source that the Eagle (the Perverbial American Eagle similar to that on a 24cent peace [sic]) is being displayed by sexual perverts in New York and other large eastern vities as a symbol of their availability. The trend is growing so rapidly that in less than two months anyone displaying an eagle will obviously be perverted. You could entitle the article "Were the Fathers of our Country Sexually Normal?"

Peacefully yours,
Peter P. Valente

ED. NOTE: Just goes to show you how what we intended as a put-on was taken seriously. No, we were not serious about the peace symbol representing the Anti-christ. We intended to satirize the fascist organizations that come up with such shit.

PLEASURES

AUGUST 7-24 1969

Thursday, Aug. 7

Linsley-Chittenden (YALE SUMMER FILM SOCIETY): The Seventh Seal (Bergman) with Max von Sydow & Bibi Andersson. 7:00 & 9:30. 75¢ with 50¢ membership card (This goes for all shows unless otherwise stated)

Oakdale, Wallingford: Sleeping Beauty 11:00 AM $1.50
Johnny Mathis & Peter Nero (thru Aug. 9) 8:30 (Saturday at 5:00 + 9:30)

Yale Art Gallery: Baroque & 18th Century Art 1:00

Goodspeed Opera House: ('til Aug. 30th) Lock Up Your Daughters 8:30 (Sat. 5:00 & 9:00)

7th Annual Torrington Art Festival: (Aug. 7 & 8) in of all places, Torrington.

Polka Dot Playhouse (Bridgeport): ('til Aug. 16th) 8:30 The Impossible Years

FRIDAY, AUG 8

L.C: Some Like It Hot - Lemmon, Monroe, Raft

Exit: Blues - Al Brown

Lebanon Country Fair: (8th & 9th & 10th) $1.00

Fairfield County 4-H Fair: ("& "& ") $.75

SATURDAY, AUG 9 (a very euphoric day for some folks!)

LC: Tobacco Road & The Fugitive (Ford) 7:00

Exit: The Buckle (Rock)

Palmer Auditorium: The Alvin Ailey Dance Co.

Mystic: Mystic Outdoor Art Festival

SUNDAY, AUG. 10

EXIT: UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT in concert.

Oakdale: Country Joe & the

Bethlehem Fairgrounds: Bethlehem Horse Show

Monday the 11th

LC: NIGHT AT THE OPERA - MARX BROS.

Exit: Poetry & Original Songs

Oakdale: (Thru Aug 23) MAME with Janis Page

Tuesday the Next

LC: BLOW UP (ANTONIONI) HEMMINGS, REDGRAVE

Exit: PLAY - DEATH ON A MOOR

Quinley Stadium: SLY & THE FAMILY STONE!

Wednesday the 13th

LC: LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD

Thursday Aug 14

LC: FAHRENHEIT 451 (TRUFFAUT) Julie Christie, Oskar Werner

EXIT: THE HUDSON TUBES (FROM NEW JERSEY).

NEW HAVEN FREE THEATRE (AUG 14-17): IONESCO'S VICTIMS OF DUTY

FRIDAY, AUG 15

L.C: CASABLANCA - BOGEY

EXIT: MIKE NICHOLAS & JOHN ROBILARD

WOODSTOCK, BETHEL N.Y. FOLK - Joan Baez, Arlo Guthrie, Tim Hardin, Incredible String Band, Richie Havens, more

PRESTON CITY FAIR (15th & 16th)

Saturday, Aug 16

LC: THE VERDICT (SIEGEL)
RUTHLESS (ULMER)

EXIT: Jim Ground

Woodstock: Rock - Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin, Santana, more (12 hours in all!)

Sunday, Aug 17

Oakdale: LED ZEPPELIN

Yale Bowl: Football N.Y. JETS vs N.Y. GIANTS

Yale Summer School of Music, Norfolk: Litchfield Choral Union

Woodstock: The Band, BS&T, THE WHO, THE MOODY BLUES, Johnny Winter, Joe Cocker, More (12 more hours)

Monday, Aug 18

Bridgeport Musical Theatre, Seaside Park: 5th Dimension $4, $5, $6

Exit: FLICK OF THE WEEK

Tuesday, Aug 19

EXIT: SYBILLINE ORACLE & HUNTER MALLORY

Wednesday, #20

Yale Bowl: N.Y. Philharmonic 8:30 $3, $5, $7

N.H. FREE THEATRE - WOYZECK (Buchner)

THURSDAY the 21

EXIT: POEM (ROCK)

VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM #4 COMES OUT TODAY!

FRIDAY AUG 22

EXIT: Joef & Jadi

Read the View from the Bottom for incomplete knowledge of coming events

SATURDAY AUG 23

EXIT: Pulse

Cheshire Grange Fair (23 & 24) 50¢

Sunday Aug 24

OAKDALE: JOHNNY WINTER

A PLEASANT TIME... ...IS GUARANTEED ...FOR ALL!

STRATFORD - AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

HV-Henry V, MA-Much Ado About Nothing, HA-Hamlet, TTS-The Three Sisters.

AUGUST PERFORMANCES

HV	Eve. Aug. 1, 12, 15, 27, 30. Mat. Aug. 7, 10, 20, 23.
MA	Eve. Aug. 6, 9, 22. Mat. Aug. 2, 14, 17, 27, 30.
HA	Eve. Aug. 2, 13, 16, 26, 29. Mat. Aug. 6, 9, 21, 24.
TTS	Eve. Aug. 5, 8, 19, 20, 23. Mat. Aug. 3, 13, 16, 28, 31.

Tickets $3-$7.25

Eves 8:30
MATS 2:00
except
Hamlet Mats. 1:30

TIDES

7 Thu	6.37	12.31
8 Fri	7.37	1.31
9 Sat	8.31	2.19
10 Sun	9.19	3.07
11 Mo	10.01	3.55
12 Tu	10.37	4.31
13 We	11.13	5.07
14 Th	11.49	5.43
15 Fri	12.01	6.19
16 Sat	12.37	6.49
17 Sun	1.19	7.31
18 Mon	2.01	8.07
19 Tue	2.49	8.49
20 Wed	3.43	9.43
21 Thu	4.43	10.49
22 Fri	5.49*	12.01
23 Sat	7.01	12.55
24 Sun	8.07	1.55

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL
NEW LONDON
AUG. 9, 10, 16, 17

Horseback Riding

Windy Hill Farm, Bethany 393-0258

COLOR HAVEN STABLE, BRANFORD 488-4104

B-Z RANCH, EAST HAVEN 467-7118

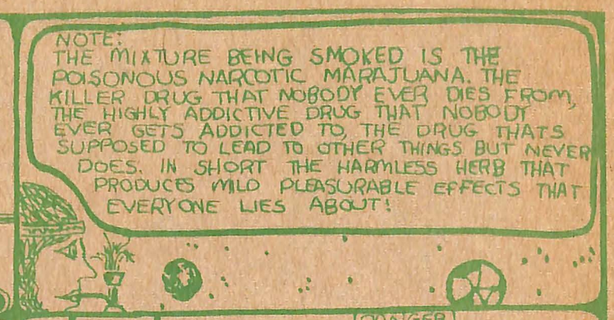
TAMARACK FARMS, NORTH HAVEN 248-2924

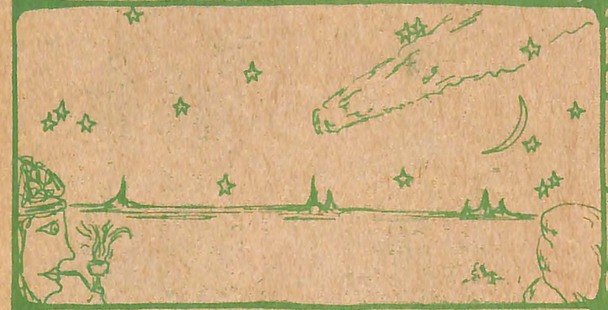
MAYER STABLES, PROSPECT TEL. WATERBURY 758-4988

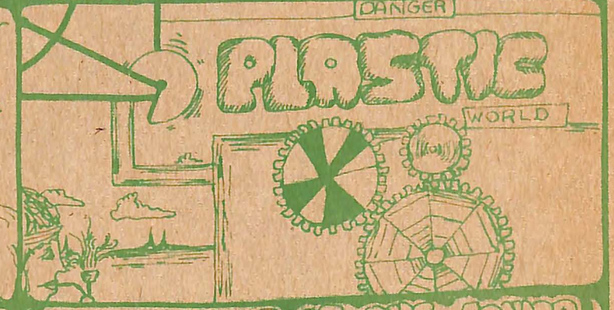
museums

Central Library—133 Elm Street	Marie Accrino thru July 31st	Monday–Friday 9–6
Chapel Library Center—1580 Chapel St.	reproductions thru July 31sy	Monday–Thursday 10–8; Friday 9–5
Mitchell Library—37 Harrison St.	Judy Cimaglia thru July 31st	Monday–Thursday 10–8; Friday 10–5:30
Yale Art Gallery—Chapel and York Sts.	special exhibit of Picasso + regular thru Sept.	Tuesday–Saturday 10–5; Sunday 2–5*
New Haven Regional Center Art Gallery—455 Wintergreen Ave	John de John thru August 29	Daily 9:30–9:30
Designers Gallery—Litchfield Turnpike, Woodbridge	"List Art Posters"	
Woodbridge Bank and Trust Co.—128 Amity Rd.	Arthur Guagliumi thru August 19	
Post Arts Center Galleries—2414 Boston Post Road, Branford		Daily 1–8
Garfield Galleries—533 Boston Post Road, Orange	local artists	Monday–Saturday 10–6, Thursday till 9
Cinema Theater Art Gallery—Post Shopping Center, Milford	Carolyn Kent till August 1, Dan Hudson till Sept. 2	
Silvermine Guild of Artists—New Canaan	Enid Monroe thru August 6	Daily 12:30–5
Litchfield Gallery—South and West Sts., Litchfield Ctr.		Wednesday–Saturday 10–12, 2–5; Sunday 12–5
Museum of Art, Science and Industry—4450 Park Ave., Bridgeport	Art and Visual Perception	Tuesday–Sunday 2–5
New Britain Museum of American Art—56 Lexington St., New Britain		Tuesday–Sunday 1–5
The Bruce Museum—Greenwich, Conn.		Monday–Friday 10–5; Sunday 2–5
The Munson Gallery—275 Orange St.		Monday–Friday 9–5:30

THE ADVENTURES OF
MARYJANE
A. RICCIO


NOTE:
THE MIXTURE BEING SMOKED IS THE POISONOUS NARCOTIC MARAJUANA. THE KILLER DRUG THAT NOBODY EVER DIES FROM, THE HIGHLY ADDICTIVE DRUG THAT NOBODY EVER GETS ADDICTED TO, THE DRUG THATS SUPPOSED TO LEAD TO OTHER THINGS BUT NEVER DOES. IN SHORT THE HARMLESS HERB THAT PRODUCES MILD PLEASURABLE EFFECTS THAT EVERYONE LIES ABOUT!

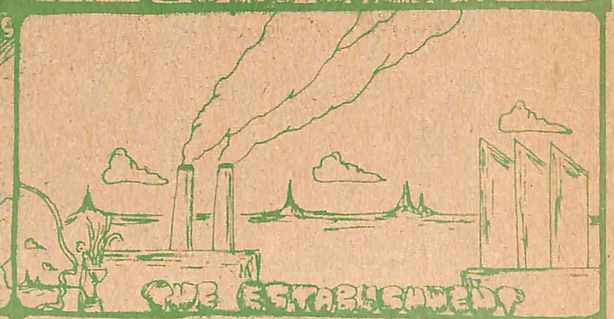


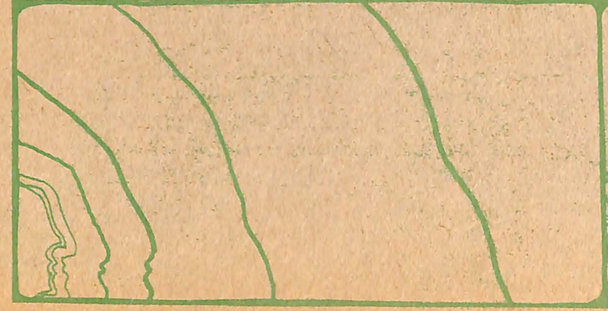

DANGER
PLASTIC
WORLD

OH WOW! GROOVY! FAR OUT!
TEENYBOPPER WORLD
OH YEAH MAN! WOW!

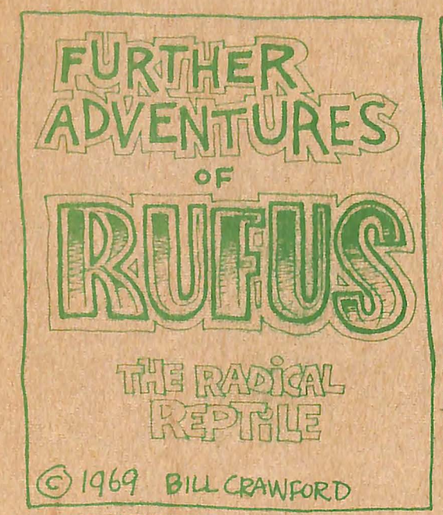
THE DWELLING OF THE LOWER FORMS
FORKLAND

THE SUPERIOR OF THE SUBCULTURE
THE HIPPYS


THE ESTABLISHED



MY MIND FEELS
GREAT!!

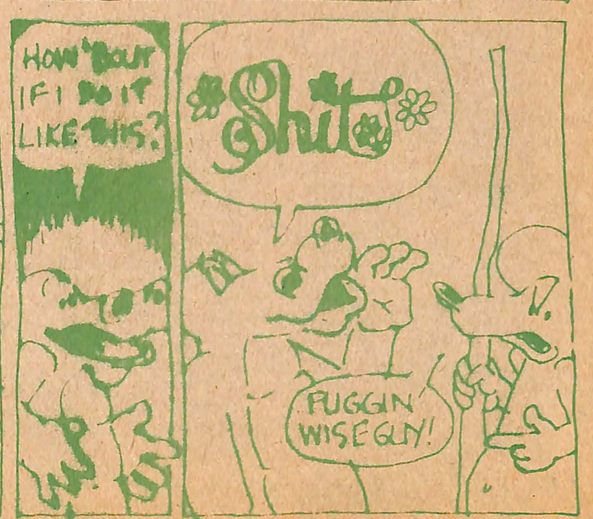

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
RUFUS
THE RADICAL REPTILE
© 1969 BILL CRAWFORD

RUFUS VISITS HIS CHILDHOOD HOME WITH HIS FRIEND RATPINK. THEY LIBERATE A ROWBOAT AND...
WOW! LOOK AT ALL THIS SCENERY!!
UH-HUH...

SHIT, MAN! SO BEAUTIFUL!
HEY!
WHAT KINDA LANGUAGE IS THAT, YOU DE-GENERIT!!
THIS IS A FAMILY COMIC STRIP!!

WHAT YOU GETTING SO EXCITED ABOUT?! WHAT'D I SAY THAT WAS SO AWFUL?!!

YOU SAID "SHIT" — THAT'S WHAT!! DECENT FOLKS DON'T SAY "SHIT" LIKE THAT!!
ORG.


HOW 'BOUT IF I DO IT LIKE THIS?
Shit
FUGGIN' WISE GUY!